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THE MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.

THE interest with which every thing connected with the more striking incidents of Sir Walter Scott's historical novels is regarded, will perhaps be received as an apology for presenting our readers with the following account of the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, from a manuscript in the British Museum, which was drawn up a few weeks after the commission of the horrid deed. Dr. Sharpe was born May 13, 1613, and arrived at the dignity of Archbishop of St. Andrews on December 15, 1661. It appears that the assassination of this amiable and distinguished prelate was directly recommended, some time previous to its perpetration, by the execrable authors of those horrid publications, "*Napthali*," and "*Jus Populi*," who distinctly declared, that "no more acceptable gift could be made to Jesus Christ, than the sending the head of the venerable Archbishop Sharpe, in a silver box, to the king." This doctrine, it appears, prevailed so far with a wretched fanatic, one James Mitchell, that he made an attempt to assassinate the Bishop at noon-day, in the principal street of Edinburgh; but having failed in his adventure, was tried and executed for his offence. On the 3d of May following, eleven wretches, as bigoted and blood-thirsty as their archetype, but deficient in the courage he had displayed, with Balfour, of Burley, at their head, resolved upon the murder of this vene-

erable prelate, which they accomplished in the following manner:—

"After his Grace had gone from the secret council, where, to aggravate their crime, he had been pleading most fervently for favours to them, having lodged at a village called Kennoway, in Fiffe, upon Friday night, the 2d of May, he took his journey next morning, at ten o'clock, towards St. Andrews; and his coachman having discovered some horsemen near to Magus (a place near two miles distant from St. Andrews), advertised the Archbishop thereof, asking if he should drive faster; which his Grace discharged, because, he said, he feared no harm. They drawing nearer, his daughter seeing pistols in their hands, and them riding at a great rate, she persuaded her father to look out, and he therefore desired his coachman to drive on; who had certainly outdriven them, if one Balfour of Kimloch, being mounted on a very fleet horse, had not cunningly passed the coach (into which they had vainly discharged many shot); and after he found that he could not wound the coachman, because the coach-whip did fright the sprightly horse, wounded the postilion, and disabled the foremost coach-horses. Whereupon the rest coming up, one of them, with a blunderbuss, wounded the Lord Primate in the coach; and others of them called to him to "come forth, vile dog! who

had betrayed Christ and his church, and to receive what he deserved, for his wickedness against the kirk of Scotland;" and reproached him with Mr. James Mitchell's death. Whilst he was in the coach, one ran him through with a sword, under his shoulder; the rest pulled him violently out of the coach. His daughter came out, and on her knees began to beg mercy to her father; but they beat her, and trampled her down. The Lord Primate, with a very great calmness, said, "Gentlemen, I know not that I ever injured any of you; and if I did, I promise I will make what reparation you can propose." "Villain, and Judas!" said they, "and enemy to God and his people! you shall now have the reward of your enmity to God's people!" Which words were followed with many mortal wounds, the first being a deep one above his eye: and though he put them in mind that he was a minister, and pulling off his cap, shewed them his grey hairs, entreating, that if they would not spare his life, they would at least allow him some little time for prayer. They returned him no other answer, but that God would not hear so base a dog as he was; and for quarter, they told him, that the strokes they were then giving were the quarter he was to expect. Notwithstanding of all which, and of a shot which pierced his body above his right pap, and of other strokes, which cut his hands, whilst he was

holding them up to heaven in prayer, he raised himself upon his knees, and uttered only these words, "God forgive you all!" After which, by many strokes, that cut his skull to pieces, he fell down dead. But some of them, imagining they had heard him groan, returned, saying that he was of the nature of a cat, and so they would go back, and give one stroke more for the glory of God; and having stirred about the brains in the skull with the point of their swords, they took an oath of the servants not to reveal their names; and so desiring them to take up their priest, they rode back to Magus, crying aloud that Judas was killed! and from thence made their escape. But God having, in an unexpected way, furnished probation against all who were present, it cannot but with a dutiful confidence be expected that his Divine Majesty, who is so highly offended, will, by the same care, bring the assassins themselves to suffer for that crime."

This simple but striking narrative will be found to accord entirely with the beautiful picture of this catastrophe, painted by Allan, and engraved by Burnett. We have no right to marvel at the merciless conduct of General Claverhouse, when any members of this blood-thirsty gang of fanatics chanced to fall into his hands. Should it not be meted to them, even as they meted it to others?

COUNTRY RAMBLES.—NO. I.

WHEAT-HOEING.

MAY the 3d.—Cold bright weather. All within doors, sunny and chilly; all without, windy and dusty. It is quite tantalizing to see that brilliant sun careering through so beautiful a sky, and to feel little more warmth from his presence than one does from that of his fair but cold sister, the moon. Even the sky, beautiful as it is, has the look of that one sometimes sees in a very bright

moonlight night—deeply, intensely blue, with white fleecy clouds driven vigorously along by a strong breeze—now veiling and now exposing the dazzling luminary around whom they sail. A beautiful sky! and, in spite of its coldness, a beautiful world! The effect of this backward spring has been to arrest the early flowers, to which heat is the great enemy; whilst the leaves and the later flowers

have, nevertheless, ventured to peep out slowly and cautiously in sunny places—exhibiting, in the copses and hedge-rows, a pleasant mixture of March and May. And we, poor chilly mortals, must follow, as nearly as we can, the wise example of the May-blossoms, by avoiding bleak paths and open commons, and creeping up the sheltered road to the vicarage—the pleasant sheltered road, where the western sun steals in between two rows of bright green elms, and the east wind is fenced off by the range of woody hills which rise abruptly before us, forming so striking a boundary to the picture.

How pretty this lane is, with its tall elms, just drest in their young leaves, bordering the sunny path, or sweeping in a semi-circle behind the clear pools, and the white cottages that are scattered along the way. You shall seldom see a cottage hereabout without an accompanying pond, all alive with geese and ducks, at the end of the little garden. Ah! here is Dame Simmons making a most original use of her piece of water, standing on the bank that divides it from her garden, and most ingeniously watering her onion-bed with a new mop—now a dip, and now a twist! Really, I give her credit for the invention. It is as good an imitation of a shower as one should wish to see on a summer-day. A squirt is nothing to it!

And here is another break to the tall line of elms—the gate that leads into Farmer Thorpe's great enclosures. Eight, ten, fourteen people, in this large field, wheat-hoeing. The couple nearest the gate, who keep aloof from all the rest, and are hoeing this furrow so completely in concert, step by step and stroke for stroke, are Jem Tanner and Susan Green. There is not a handsomer pair in the field or in the village. Jem, with his bright complexion, his curling hair, his clear blue eye, and his trim figure—set off to great advantage by his short jacket and trousers and new straw hat; Susan, with her little stuff gown, and her white

handkerchief and apron—defining so exactly her light and flexible shape—and her black eyes flashing from under a deep bonnet lined with pink, whose reflection gives to her bright dark countenance and dimpled cheeks a glow innocently artificial, which was the only charm that they wanted.

Jem and Susan are, beyond all doubt, the handsomest couple in the field, and I am much mistaken if each have not a vivid sense of the charms of the other. Their mutual admiration was clear enough in their work; but it speaks still more plainly in their idleness. Not a stroke have they done for these five minutes; Jem, propped on his hoe, and leaning across the furrow, whispering soft nonsense; Susan, blushing and smiling—now making believe to turn away—now listening, and looking up with a sweeter smile than ever, and a blush that makes her bonnet-lining pale. Ah, Susan! Susan! Now they are going to work again;—no!—after three or four strokes, the hoes have somehow become entangled, and, without either advancing a step nearer the other, they are playing with these rustic implements as pretty a game at romps—shewing off as nice a piece of rural flirtation—as ever was exhibited since wheat was hoed.

Ah, Susan! Susan! beware of Farmer Thorpe! He'll see, at a glance, that little will his corn profit by such labours. Beware, too, Jem Tanner!—for Susan is, in some sort, an heiress; being the real niece and adopted daughter of our little lame clerk, who, although he looks such a tattered ragamuffin that the very grave-diggers are ashamed of him, is well to pass in the world—keeps a scrub pony,—indeed he can hardly walk up the aisle—bath a share in the County fire-office—and money in the funds. Susan will be an heiress, despite the tatterdemalion costume of her honoured uncle, which I think he wears out of coquetry, that the remarks which might otherwise fall on his miserable person—full as misshapen as that of any

Hunch-back recorded in the Arabian Tales—may find a less offensive vent on his raiment. Certain such a figure hath seldom been beheld out of church or in. Yet will Susan, nevertheless, be a fortune; and, therefore, she must intermarry with another fortune, according to the rule made and provided in such cases; and the little clerk hath already looked her out a spouse, about his own standing—a widower in the next parish, with four children and a squint. Poor Jem Tanner! Nothing will that smart person or that pleasant speech avail with the little clerk;—never will he officiate at your marriage to his niece;—"amen" would "stick in his throat." Poor things! in what a happy oblivion of the world and its cares, Farmer Thorpe and the wheat-hoeing, the squinting shop-keeper and the little clerk, are they laughing and talking at this moment! Poor things! poor things!

Well, I must pursue my walk.—How beautiful a mixture of flowers and leaves is in the high bank under this north hedge—quite an illustration of the blended seasons of which I spoke. An old irregular hedge-row is always beautiful, especially in the spring time, when the grass, and mosses, and flowering weeds mingle best with the bushes and creeping plants that overhang them. But this bank is, most especially, various and lovely. Shall we try to analyze it? First, the clinging white-veined ivy, which crawls up the slope in every direction, the master-piece of that rich mosaic; then the brown leaves and the lilac blossoms of its fragrant namesake, the ground-ivy, which grows here so profusely; then the late-lingering primrose; then the delicate wood-sorrel; then the regular pink stars of the cranesbill, with its beautiful leaves; the golden oxlip and the cowslip, "cinque-spotted;" then the blue pansy, and the enamelled wild hyacinth; then the bright foliage of the briar-rose, which comes trailing its green wreaths amongst the flowers; then the bramble and

the woodbine, creeping round the foot of a pollard oak, with its brown folded leaves; then a verdant mass—the blackthorn, with its lingering blossoms—the hawthorn, with its swelling buds—the bushy maple—the long stems of the hazel—and between them, hanging like a golden plume over the bank, a splendid tuft of the blossomed broom; then, towering high above all, the tall and leafy elms. And this is but a faint picture of this hedge, on the meadowy side of which sheep are bleating, and where, every here and there, a young lamb is thrusting its pretty head between the trees.

Who is this approaching? Farmer Thorpe? Yes, of a certainty, it is that substantial yeoman, sallying forth from his substantial farm-house, which peeps out from between two huge walnut-trees on the other side of the road, with intent to survey his labourers in the wheat-field. Farmer Thorpe is a stout, square, sturdy personage of fifty, or thereabouts, with a hard, weather-beaten countenance, of that peculiar vermilion, all over alike, into which the action of the sun and wind sometimes tans a fair complexion; sharp shrewd features, and a keen grey eye. He looks completely like a man who will neither cheat nor be cheated: and such is his character—an upright, downright English yeoman—just always, and kind in a rough way—but given to fits of anger, and filled with an abhorrence of pilfering, and idleness, and trickery of all sorts, that makes him strict as a master, and somewhat stern at workhouse and vestry. I doubt if he will greatly relish the mode in which Jem and Susan are administering the hoe in his wheat-drills. He will not reach the gate yet; for his usual steady active pace is turned, by a recent accident, into an unequal, impatient halt—as if he were alike angry with his lameness and the cause. I must speak to him as he passes—not merely as a due courtesy to a good neighbour, but to give the delinquents in the field notice to resume their hoe-

ing; but not a word of the limp—that is a sore subject.

“A fine day, Mr. Thorpe!”

“We want rain, ma’am!”—

And on, with great civility, but without pausing a moment, he is gone. He’ll certainly catch Susan and her lover philandering over his wheat-furrows. Well, that may take its chance!—they have his lameness in their favour—only that the cause of that lameness has made the worthy farmer unusually cross. I think I must confide the story to my readers.

Gipsies and beggars do not in general much inhabit our neighbourhood; but, about half a mile off, there is a den so convenient for strollers and vagabonds, that it sometimes tempts the rogues to a few days’ sojourn. It is in truth, nothing more than a deserted brick-kiln, by the side of a lonely lane. But there is something so snug and comfortable in the old building (always keeping in view gipsy notions of comfort); the blackened walls are so backed by the steep hill on whose side they are built—so fenced from the bleak north-east, and letting in so gaily the pleasant western sun; and the wide rugged impassable lane (used only as a road to the kiln, and with that abandoned) is at once so solitary and deserted, and so close to the inhabited and populous world, that it seems made for a tribe whose prime requisites in a habitation are shelter, privacy, and a vicinity to farm-yards.

Accordingly, about a month ago, a pretty strong encampment, evidently gipsies, took up their abode in the kiln. The party consisted of two or three tall, lean, sinister-looking men, who went about the country mending pots and kettles, and driving a small trade in old iron; one or two children, unnaturally quiet, the spies of the crew; an old woman, who sold matches and told fortunes; a young woman, with an infant strapped to her back, who begged; several hungry-looking dogs, and three ragged donkeys. The arrival of these vagabonds spread a general consternation through the

village. Gamekeepers and housewives were in equal dismay. Snares were found in the preserves—poultry vanished from the farm-yards—a lamb was lost from the lea—and a damask table-cloth, belonging to the worshipful the Mayor of W—, was abstracted from the drying-ground of Mrs. Welles, the most celebrated laundress in these parts, to whom it had been sent for the benefit of country washing. No end to the pilfering, and the stories of pilfering! The inhabitants of the kiln were not only thieves in themselves, but the cause of thievery in others. “The gipsies!” was the answer general to every inquiry for things missing.

Farmer Thorpe—whose dwelling, with its variety of outbuildings—barns, ricks, and stables—is only separated by a meadow and a small coppice from the lane that leads to the gipsy retreat—was particularly annoyed by this visitation. Two couple of full-grown ducks, and a whole brood of early chickens, disappeared in one night; and Mrs. Thorpe fretted over the loss, and the farmer was indignant at the villains. He set traps, let loose mastiffs, and put in action all the resources of village police—but in vain. Every night property went; and the culprits, however strongly suspected, still continued unamenable to the law.

At last, one morning, the great Chanticleer of the farm-yard—a cock of a million, with an unrivalled crow—a matchless strut, and plumage all gold and green, and orange and purple—gorgeous as a peacock, and fierce as a he-turkey—Chanticleer, the pride and glory of the yard, was missing! and Mrs. Thorpe’s lamentations and her husband’s anger redoubled. Vowing vengeance against the gipsies, he went to the door to survey a young blood mare of his own breeding; and as he stood at the gate—now bemoaning Chanticleer—now cursing the gipsies—now admiring the bay filly—his neighbour, Dame Simmons—the identical lady of the mop, who occasionally chared

at the house—came to give him the comfortable information that she had certainly heard Chanticleer—she was quite ready to swear to Chanticleer's voice—crowing in the brick-kiln. No time, she added, should be lost, if Farmer Thorpe wished to rescue that illustrious cock, and to punish the culprits—since the gipsies, when she passed the place, were preparing to decamp.

No time *was* lost. In one moment Farmer Thorpe was on the bay filly's unsaddled back, with the halter for a bridle; and, in the next, they were on full gallop towards the kiln. But, alas! alas! "the more haste the worse speed," says the wisdom of nations. Just as they arrived at the spot from which the procession—gipsies, dogs, and donkeys—and Chanticleer in a sack, shrieking most vigorously—were proceeding on their travels, the young blood mare—whether startled at the unusual *cortege*, or the rough ways, or the hideous noise of her old friend, the cock—suddenly reared and threw her master, who lay in all the agony of a sprained ankle, unable to rise from the ground; whilst the whole tribe, with poor Chanticleer their prisoner, marched triumphantly past him, utterly regardless of his threats and imprecations. In this plight was the unlucky farmer discovered, about half an hour afterwards, by his wife, the constable, and a party of his own labourers, who came to give him assistance in securing the culprits; of whom, notwithstanding an instant and active search through the neighbourhood, nothing has yet transpired. We shall hardly see them again in these parts, and have almost done talking of them. The village is returned to its old state of order and honesty; the Mayor of W— has replaced his table-cloth, and Mrs. Thorpe her cock; and the poor farmer's lame ankle is all that remains to give token of the gipsies.

Here we are at the turning, which, edging round by the coppice, branches off to their some-time den: the other bend to the right leads up a

gentle ascent to the vicarage, and that is our way. How fine a view of the little parsonage we have from hence, between those arching elms, which enclose it like a picture in a frame! and how pretty a picture it forms, with its three pointed roofs, its snug porch, and its casement windows glittering from amid the chinaroses! What a nest of peace and comfort! Farther on, almost at the summit of the hill, stands the old church with its massy tower—a row of superb lime-trees running along one side of the church-yard, and a cluster of dark yews shading the other. Few country churches have so much to boast in architectural beauty, or in grandeur of situation.

We lose sight of it as we mount the hill, the lane narrowing and winding between deep banks, surmounted by high hedges, excluding all prospects till we reach the front of the vicarage, and catch across the gate of the opposite field a burst of country the most extensive and the most beautiful—field and village, mansion and cot, town and river, all smiling under the sparkling sun of May, and united and harmonized by the profusion of hedgerow timber in its freshest verdure, giving a rich woodland character to the scene, till it is terminated in the distance by the blue line of the Hampshire hills almost melting into the horizon. Such is the view from the vicarage. But it is every way better to look at this glorious prospect from within the house. So we will ring at the door. "Not at home?" I am very sorry, and my companion is very glad.

This companion of mine, the only person in the parish who would be glad to miss seeing the ladies of the vicarage, is a magnificent greyhound, whom the author of Waverley has saved me the trouble of describing—inasmuch as Sir Henry Lee's dog Bevis is my dog Mossy to a hair. I do think that, some way or other, Sir Walter must have seen him. Never was such a likeness, except that Mossy is all over slightly brindled; that is to say, that the rich

brown is lightly mingled with rich black. A most superb dog is my moss-trooper, and a most amiable but sworn foe to morning visits; for, although he be an universal favourite, it is utterly impossible to think of taking such a follower into a drawing-room: Farmer Thorpe might as well introduce his pet, the bay filly; and to all sorts of waiting, whether in hall, or court, or kitchen, Mossy has the most decided aversion. He is sure to bark for me (and I could swear to his note as readily as Dame Simmons to poor Chanticleer's) before I have been seated ten minutes; and the bark becomes very cross and impatient indeed, if I do not come to him in five minutes more. This "not at home," which he understood as well as I did, has enchanted him. He has nearly knocked me down in his transports, and is frolicking and gambolling about me in inexpressible ecstasy, and putting shawl, and veil, and slounces in grievous peril.

"Be quiet, Mossy! pray be quiet, my dear Mossy!" And having at last succeeded in tranquillizing my affectionate, but obstreperous com-

panion, we set forth homeward in great good-humour.

Down the hill, and round the corner, and past Farmer Thorpe's house. "One glance at the wheat-hoers, Mossy, and then we will go home."—Ah! it is just as I feared. Jem and Susan have been parted: they are now at opposite sides of the fields—he looking very angry, working rapidly and violently, and doing more harm than good—she looking tolerably sulky, and just moving her hoe, but evidently doing nothing at all. Farmer Thorpe, on his part, is standing in the middle of the field, observing, but pretending not to observe, the little humours of the separated lovers. There is a lurking smile about the corners of his mouth that bespeaks him more amused than angry. He is a kind person, after all, and will certainly make no mischief. I should not even wonder if he espoused Jem Tanner's cause; and, for certain, if any one can prevail on the little clerk to give up his squinting favourite in favour of true love, Farmer Thorpe is the man.

THE BURNING SHIP.

WE were both born in the same village, and drew our nourishment in infancy from the same source. Yes—we have laid encircled in each others arms, in the same cradle; and fond affection grew with our growth. But ah! how different were our conditions in life. She, the offspring of one who could boast of rank and wealth; whilst I was brought forth in comparative poverty. Agnes was the daughter of a baronet: her mother resigned her breath in giving birth to her child; and the first tears of the infant were shed upon the cold and lifeless bosom of that being to whom she owed her existence. My maternal parent was selected as wet-nurse, on account of her excellent health, and gentleness of disposition. My father was head-gardener on the

estate; and our little cottage, surrounded by a shrubbery, tastefully laid out, was situated in a most delightful and romantic part of the grounds.

Sir Edward was generous and condescending to his inferiors, as long as they preserved an unqualified respect for his dignified rank: but if any one aimed at superior station, or failed in due reverence to himself, he became vindictive and revengeful. His principles were of so aristocratical a nature that he considered it an ordination of divine authority for riches and titles to rule, and humble obscurity to be content with tacit submission. Soon after the decease of his lady, he was appointed ambassador to a foreign Court; and the first recollections which I retain of

him was his return and splendid entry to the castle in my eighth year. In the mean time, a maiden aunt had officiated as mistress, in his absence; the pride and malice of whose heart had rendered her extremely disagreeable to all around her. In the cottage of her nurse, Agnes always found an affectionate bosom in which to repose her little griefs, and the soothing of tenderness were ever ready to calm the perturbation of her mind. It is impossible to define the feelings of childhood; for, as we grow more advanced in years, the softer sympathies become deadened by intercourse with the world, and witnessing the scenes of misery which everywhere present themselves. Solomon hath said, childhood and youth are vanity: yet what would I give to possess the same innocence of heart, the same purity of thought, which I enjoyed in my early years! In our amusements, Agnes and myself were inseparable; and when removed from the haughty eye of her aunt, we indulged in those little endearments which innocence inspires. My father possessed a cultivated taste, and was well acquainted with the works of the best writers of the day. His leisure hours were occupied in reading (for, through the kindness of the steward, he had free access to Sir Edward's library, and could obtain the loan of any book he wanted,) and imparting instruction to myself. At the age of six I could read tolerably well, and understand what I read; but no book delighted me so much as the affecting tale of "Paul and Virginia." This was my favourite volume; and often has the sweet Agnes mingled her tears with mine, while perusing its pages. She had an elder brother, but he seldom associated with us, for his aunt had centered all her regards in him, and instilled into his mind every notion of high birth and exalted parentage. Yet he was not happy: for when he did deign to share our childish sports, I can well remember the bursts of passion which agitated him, if I did

not immediately comply with his wishes, and submit to his caprice; but the last two years before Sir Edward's return, he had been under the management of a tutor, whose kindness I shall never forget. This worthy and excellent man was also a constant visitor at the cottage, whenever his duties would permit; and to his instructions am I indebted for whatever knowledge I possess.

When in my eighth year, intelligence arrived of Sir Edward's return; and much as I desired to see the father of Agnes, still I can remember a dejection came upon my spirits, and I seemed to dread it as something which foreboded evil. He received me, however, with great kindness, as the foster-brother of Agnes; but never shall I forget his terrible look, when, with the playful familiarity of childhood, the dear girl put her little white arms around my neck. It was the first time I had ever witnessed a storm of passion, and it left an impression on my mind which time can never efface. I was removed from the castle; and nothing but the persuasions of his sister and a nobleman who had accompanied him, would have prevented the dismissal of my father from his situation. In a few days afterwards, the Baronet, with his children and sister, went to the metropolis, and I was left desolate. Four years elapsed before we met again; but though nothing is sooner erased from the memory of a child than past events, yet the remembrance of the companion who shared our infantine amusements seldom quits us through life: and so I found it with Agnes. Since we had parted, I had made great proficiency in learning; could write and draw with accuracy. Nor was I deficient in athletic exercises: young as I was, nothing gave me greater delight than skimming through the liquid element, climbing the lofty mountain, or breaking through the thick mazes of the forest. The scenery in "Paul and Virginia" raised a desire in my mind to imitate the former; and often have I as-

cended the highest tree, sitting for hours on its topmost branches, and gazing towards the road where I had last seen the equipage of Sir Edward disappear. We were now in our twelfth year; the Baronet was gone abroad, taking his son with him; and Agnes, with her aunt (who had married a gouty old Colonel), took up their abode at the castle. The Colonel was an "Honourable," but the very reverse of his lady or her brother: he was destitute of their pride, and I was frequently permitted to pass whole days at the castle, in reading to, and amusing him. In these pursuits Agnes was generally at my side, when the absence of her aunt allowed it; and I number some of those hours as the happiest in my life. Her instructress was a mild amiable woman, of Christian meekness and piety: she had drank deep from the cup of sorrow, and there was a pensive melancholy imprinted on her countenance. Thus passed two happy years, during which I felt my heart more strongly linked with every thing that concerned the gentle Agnes. I was yet unacquainted with the cause of these feelings; and the first time that the truth opened to my heart, was on my fifteenth birthday. My father, whom I had occasionally assisted in his labours, gave a little *fête*. It was the height of summer; the most respectable youths and lasses in the village were assembled to a dance, in the park. The Colonel was wheeled to the spot in his garden-chair, and Agnes graced the festival. The Colonel had deceived his lady as to where her niece was going, and no one esteemed her sufficiently to state the fact. The dance commenced, and Agnes was my partner. Oh! then I felt how precious she was to my heart, as her light airy form, was pressed in my arms: but when I contrasted the coarseness of my apparel with the delicate texture of her dress, a pang of deep humiliation stung me to the soul. At this moment a young man, in a travelling dress advanced towards us. It was Sir Edward's son.

His face was flushed with anger; he seized the arm of his sister with a wild impetuosity, that caused her to cry out, and I immediately interfered. He raised his riding whip, and struck me—yes, struck me to the earth! I sprang upon my feet, but was instantly held fast, and forced to the cottage, while Agnes was hurried away to the castle. Ah! then I felt what it was to love, and despair took possession of my mind. All other considerations seemed swallowed up, and I determined to fly from the place. Parents, kindred, were forgotten! and ere the dawn broke upon the cottage or the castle, I was far on my way from home. In the early part of the morning I was accosted by a gentlemanlike man, who offered me a seat in a post-chaise. This I gladly accepted, and found he was a naval officer, about to join his ship at Plymouth. The world was all before me, and he proposed my "serving my country." To my romantic mind there was a magic in the expression; and before another day had elapsed, I was entered on the books of the *Amphion* frigate as a volunteer. There was no time for reflection. I was wearied with my journey, sleep overpowered my faculties, and before the dawn arose, the ship was out at sea. Never shall I forget my sensations when I first beheld the expanse of ocean, without a single speck to break its monotonous appearance: blue waters all around, and the clear heaven above, while the tall ship, reflecting her image on the waves, "breasted the lofty surge." I was ignorant of *etiquette*, and without ceremony, respectfully addressed my friend, the lieutenant; but he repulsed my familiarity with coldness, and directed a lad to take me to his cabin, where he immediately joined me. Here he explained the nature of the service, and the distance which it was necessary to keep up between the officers and crew. He then made inquiry as to my clothes, and generously supplied me with some linen from his own stock. The ship's tailor alter-

ed one of his jackets, and in a short time I was equipped as a sailor. But ah! how many hours of bitter mortification and anguish did I undergo! I had every thing to learn, was often ill-used, and every day carried me farther away from all I loved. The frigate was bound to the East Indies, and months must elapse before I could inform my parents of my situation. Remorse preyed upon my mind: I had not contemplated leaving England, much more leaving it without letting them know where I was; but now their affectionate hearts were wrung with my indiscretion. Agnes too!—but the remembrance of the sweet girl was ever accompanied by the recollection of the blow I had received, and I determined to persevere in the profession I had engaged in. The lieutenant was my sincere friend, and I endeavoured, by every means in my power, to profit by his kindness, and testify my gratitude. At first I was much persecuted by the seamen: but when they found me desirous of learning, and attentive to my duty, there was not a man who did not render me assistance. On one occasion, while the ship was lying nearly becalmed, one of the junior midshipmen, as he was playing about the rigging, fell overboard. I instantly dashed into the sea, and supported him till a boat was lowered down, and took us up. This act, for which I claim no merit, brought me under the immediate notice of the captain, and I was removed to the quarter-deck, to do duty as a midshipman. Every one expressed satisfaction at my promotion, and my new messmates vied with each other in manifesting their generous feelings.

After a passage of four months, we arrived at Madras; and I lost no time in writing, to acquaint my parents of my destination: but unfortunately, the letter never reached their hands, as the ship which conveyed it was wrecked off the Cape, and every soul perished. Scarcely

had we had time to refit and victual, when orders were given to proceed to the China seas, as two French frigates had been seen cruising among the islands. For six months we continued in search of them, but without success; and at the expiration of that time we returned to Madras. It would be needless for me to enumerate the many places we visited. Our stay in India occupied three years, and we were then directed to sail for England with despatches.

During all this time I had never heard from home; but still the fond remembrances of early enjoyments in that sweet spot, clung to my soul, and became the subject of many sketches from my pencil, some of which the captain had taken to ornament his cabin. Agnes, in all her loveliness, was always present to my imagination; prompting me to many an honourable action, and restraining me from every thing which could bring discredit on my affection. To her dear image I was indebted for the respect and esteem I enjoyed from every one on board. The master's mate had been promoted to a lieutenantcy, and I was appointed to fill the vacant station. Often did I rejoice in my heart at the prospect of once more embracing those who were so dear to me; and as often did the sickening sensations of distracting doubt agitate my breast.

One lovely evening, the sky was beautifully serene—the ocean, like a clear mirror, reflected the golden rays of the setting sun, and the light breeze just lulled the spreading sails to sleep, propelling the ship almost imperceptibly along, at the rate of three knots an hour*. It was one of those evenings that baffle the painter's art, and only the poet can portray. The first watch was drawing to a close; it had struck seven bells, the seamen on the look-out had proclaimed "all's well!" and every thing was again hushed to solemn stillness. I was standing on the gangway, full of pensive musings, watch-

* Miles.

† Half-past Eleven.

ing a bright star, just kindling on the verge of the horizon: it beamed like a ray of hope, irradiating the gloom which hung heavy upon my heart. Suddenly it expanded like the glowing meteor, and the ocean was illuminated with a red and gory tinge. I was struck with astonishment; but at the same moment an exclamation resounded fore and aft, "A ship on fire! a ship on fire!" and the horrid conviction was, alas! too evident. In a few minutes the flames were distinctly visible, and the ship was pronounced to be about five miles distant. Never before did I witness such alacrity among our crew as in that hour of peril. The captain, and every officer and man, were on deck immediately: and as it was impossible for the frigate to approach in sufficient time to rescue the sufferers, before ten minutes had elapsed from the period of first noticing the fire, every boat was in motion towards the scene of danger. It fell to my lot to command the captain's gig, a swift-pulling boat, with seven men, who bent to their oars with all the might of brave and generous spirits. As we drew near, the destructive element raged with increasing fury; and the shrieks of the wretched creatures came mingling with the crackling of the flames and the crash of falling masts. The frigate had fired guns and hoisted lights, to shew them succour was at hand; and the boats' crews occasionally cheered, to announce that that they were approaching to their rescue. The shouts were returned from the burning ship; but so wild, so fearful, they sounded like the expiring yell of agony, that still clung to hope and life. I would have dashed instantly alongside, but the old coxswain respectfully warned me of the danger of such a measure, "as the boat," he said, "would instantly be swamped by the crowds that would rush into her." We were now within a short distance of the vessel, and oh! what a sight of horror was presented! The ports were all open, and the flames pouring from them as from so many mouths,

seemed eager for their prey. Numbers of poor creatures were swimming towards us, whilst others held pieces of shattered spars, with strong convulsive grasp. The fore-part of the ship was nearly consumed, and the upper part abaft was rapidly falling in. Those who could swim, we left for other boats to take up; and pulling under the stern, we lay unobserved, by the gun-room ports, while the fiery fragments came tumbling thick about us. Trusting to my skill in swimming, should it be deemed requisite to jump overboard, I instantly entered the port-hole; and the ship having turned before the wind, what little air there was, drove the greatest part of the smoke forward: yet there was an almost insupportable heat, and the suffocating vapours bid defiance to my efforts to penetrate further. A feeling I could not account for—an indescribable feeling—urged me on, and I reached the gun-room ladder, at the bottom of which lay a human being, whose sufferings, apparently, were over. I passed my hand quickly to the heart, to feel if any palpitation yet remained, and discovered that the individual was a female: she was yet living, and in a few minutes was safely in the boat. Again I returned with three of my crew and soon had the satisfaction of rescuing eight poor wretches, who lay in a state of insensibility, and must soon have perished. Stimulated by success, we penetrated to the burning deck above; and never shall I forget the horror of the spectacle. Here all was brilliancy and light; and the devouring element, rolling its huge volumes over many a devoted victim, roared in its fierceness, as if to stifle the thrilling scream of the last death-pang. Several half-burnt and mangled bodies could be distinguished in the flames, and many others lay in a senseless state, unconscious of the awful doom awaiting them. Near the transom, abaft, sat a mother, with an infant in her arms. She seemed unconscious of any object moving near her: she saw not

our approach, but her eye-balls wildly glared upon the red hue of the burning fabric. I spoke to her, shook her arm, but her eyes still continued fixed—alas! the film of death was on them! She heeded me not, but clasped her infant closer to her bosom—gave one wild, one dismal shriek, and mortal agony was over. The moments became exceedingly precious: the smiling infant (for it smiled amidst the horrors of the appalling scene,) was secured; and several poor wretches were dragged to the gun-room scuttle, where they were thrown down, risking their limbs to save their lives; and the boat was completely filled, almost to sinking: yet numbers were still left behind, and roused from their stupor by the increasing heat, came rushing to the port, and plunging headlong in the sea:—it was but changing their mode of death; for the watery element, equally fatal with that from which they strove to escape—engulfed them in its dark abyss, at once their destruction and their grave. I was compelled to put some of my rescued party in the launch, and then pulled briskly for the frigate. The female I had thus saved was still insensible; but yet, as she lay extended in the stern-sheets of the boat, with her head resting on my knees, I could feel the tremulous palpitation of her heart; and Hope whispered, that she might yet recover. She appeared to be young, but her dark hair hung in thick flakes down her face, so as to conceal her features. The worthy coxswain had wrapped the infant in his jacket, which was now sweetly sleeping in the box by his side.

Several of the sufferers, restored to fresh air, speedily recovered; but it was only to lament some one whom they supposed had perished. In the bows of the boat, an elderly man raised his white head, and with incoherent language, inquired where he was. The bowman soothed him, and tried to explain his situation. "But my son! my daughter!" he exclaimed, "where are they?" Then turn-

ing to the burning ship—"Wretched, wretched man, they are lost!—lost for ever, and I yet live!" He struggled to throw himself into the sea, but, overcome with weakness, fell backward. At this moment another voice faintly uttered, "My father! my father!" A cry of ecstasy burst from the old man's lips—it was his son! The youth lay near me, and the exclamation drew my attention towards him. He started up like one awaking from a frightful dream, and glared wildly around. But, O God! in what language can I pourtray the various feelings which alternately took possession of my soul, when, fixing his look on me, I saw the countenance of Sir Edward's son. A sick shuddering came across me. The old man had called upon his daughter. In an instant the inanimate body of the young female was raised in my arms. I parted the dark tresses that obscured her face, and as the red glare shone upon it, recognised my Agnes! Yes, it was she! my arm had encircled her neck, my hand had been pressed upon her heart—but *then* I knew her not: and now to find her thus! Sobs of anguish, and tumultuous bursts of joy, followed in rapid succession. The men rested on their oars: the coxswain guessed the cause, but knew not the whole truth; and it was some minutes before I was sufficiently tranquil to give directions. "You have saved her, Sir," said the coxswain, and a glow of pleasure filled my heart. Sir Edward and his son had relapsed into stupor, and shortly afterwards we reached the frigate. I sprang upon the deck, to inform the captain whom I had brought, and then returned again to the boat, to see my only, my richest treasure, safely conducted up the side. In my arms I carried the dear girl to the captain's cabin: stole one kiss from those lips, on which I had hung with such delight in early infancy—pressed her to my heart—and then hastened back to my duty. Again I reached the ship; but all approach was now

impossible, and we could only pick up those who were enabled to swim; and occasionally, by great hazard, run so close as to receive some poor sufferer from the wreck. Yet there were many who still remained; and dreading to trust themselves to the sea, hung tremblingly between two deaths. My boat was once more filled, as were also all the rest, and we made for the frigate, which had arrived within a short distance. Suddenly, an awful explosion shook the whole atmosphere, the glare of light was for a moment increased—the next, a shower of blazing timbers fell in every direction around; and the pale moon alone shed her silvery effulgence on the transparent wave. No shouts, no shrieks were to be heard: the bitterness of death was passed, and all was as tranquil as the grave. Happily the burning ruin had struck none of the boats, and we soon afterwards put the sufferers on board. The boats then again repaired to the place; but, except the shattered remnants of the wrecks, no trace was left: the swelling billows rolled smoothly on—and that gallant ship, with many a stout heart was buried beneath its deceitful surface. Still we passed across and across, in every direction; and long after the sun had kindled up the day our search was continued; but nothing met our view, except mutilated fragments of human bodies, and pieces of blackened timber. All hands repaired on board, the boats were hoisted in, and the frigate pursued her way to England.

On getting aboard, I hastened to the surgeon, and inquired the state of Agnes and her friends. They had all recovered, and were composed to slumber. Etiquette forbade my entering the precincts of the cabin uninvited; yet I lingered near the door, and the steward gave me all the information I could obtain. Duty compelled me to attend in another part of the ship; after which I hastened to my birth, and equipped myself in uniform, for the forenoon watch. Never was I more studious in adjusting my dress;

and a feeling of pride animated me, under the reflection that I had endeavoured to earn my present distinction solely by my own efforts. We had saved ninety-seven people (including passengers,) out of one hundred and forty-three. The ship was an East Indiaman, on her passage out; and Sir Edward was going in her to Calcutta, to fill a high official station. No one could tell how the fire had originated, but it was supposed to have been occasioned by the communication of some combustible matter with the fodder, stowed in the orlop deck, for the live-stock; but so amazingly rapid had been its spread, that the boats were rendered useless before they could be got out, excepting one small jolly-boat, which sunk soon after it was lowered. Notwithstanding my attention to dress, it would be impossible to describe the tumult of agitation under which I laboured. Parents—home—Agnes—all rushed upon my heart; and the cruel blow which had occasioned my departure, mingled with the rest. When relieving the watch, I found my friend, the lieutenant, upon deck, and to him I briefly related my situation. He had heard parts of my story before; but when I told him all, he advised me to suffer things to take their course; to manifest a becoming spirit, and by no means to shew resentment. He said, the captain had spoken very highly of me, for my exertions and humanity, and was greatly pleased with my conduct. Praise is sweet from those who despise unmeaning flattery, and this came like a cordial to my drooping mind.

Soon after ten o'clock Sir Edward awoke, considerably refreshed, and walked about the cabin. He talked much of his deliverer; and on being soon after joined by his children, he returned thanks to Heaven for their safety. While rising from the attitude of thanksgiving, his eye was suddenly caught by a view of his own castle, and several neighbouring prospects, which I had delineated from

memory. He stood still ; it revived recollections at once both pleasing and painful. Agnes joined him, with an exclamation of surprise, for she, too, had discovered the cottage of my parents. Her brother had left them, for the deck. The moment I saw him ascending, a feeling of indignation filled my breast, but it was momentary : I gave him the usual salute, and walked forward, to issue directions to the men. Shortly afterwards Sir Edward and Agnes appeared, and my agitation became almost insupportable, particularly when I heard the captain's voice hailing me, and guessed the purport of his call. Mustering all my resolution, I approached them ; but who can paint the different look of father, son, and daughter ? The countenance of the first was suffused with shame ; the second betrayed a humble pride ; while Agnes, her eyes filled with tears, viewed me with tenderness, mingled with reproach. Sir Edward expressed his acknowledgments in broken accents ; sometimes it was stiff formality, and then it sunk to condescending kindness. There was a conflict of passions in his breast. He took my hand with coldness, and then pressed it ardently. The son had walked away, but Agnes spoke volumes to my soul. I had been treasured in her memory with fond affection. The interview was distressing to each. I would have inquired for my parents ; but while the question hung upon my lips, a well-remembered face displayed itself—it was the old butler of the family. As soon as it was possible, I took the old man aside, and learned that the kind beings to whom I owed existence had been dismissed from the estate, but had since obtained a competency through the death of a relation, and were now comfortably settled. They had mourned my loss as one who would never return, and he believed they were totally unacquainted with my being alive. I briefly ran over my history to him, and only on one subject was I silent ; but this was un-

necessary, as he told me many circumstances which gladdened my heart. Being officer of the forenoon watch, it was my turn to dine with the captain. This I would gladly have declined ; but it was impossible, without a breach of regulations. At the appointed hour, after putting on my full dress, I entered the cabin, and was seated, at the captain's desire by the side of Agnes. Sir Edward bit his lips, but his son quitted the table, muttering something about plebeian ; while the sweet girl was almost fainting with alarm. The captain had noticed a strange peculiarity at our first meeting ; and, as I understood afterwards, had made many inquiries respecting me. My friend the lieutenant had also given him some hints, but his heart was too generous to insult an individual because his origin was humble. He himself had climbed through every gradation to his present rank, and despised the proud aspirings of those who considered high birth as the greatest recommendation. Without discomposing himself, he directed the steward to carry the young gentleman's plate to another table. Sir Edward felt this ; and rising up, demanded whether his present condition had so far reduced him in the captain's estimation, as to make him the object of insult ? " Sir Edward," replied the captain, calmly, " when you have explained yourself, I shall be better able to answer you : at present I am involved in mystery." " Look there !" said the Baronet, pointing to me, " the son of my gardener ! Look there !" continued he, turning to his son, " the heir of the richest baronetage in Great Britain : and that," pointing to Agnes, " to my shame be it spoken, is my daughter !" I offered to withdraw. " Sit still, Mr. —," said the captain, taking me by the hand, rising at the same time with all the dignity which marked his character, " Sir Edward," he coolly answered, " it is not in my nature to taunt any one with obligations. I view mankind as united to me by the strongest

ties ; and whether it was a beggar or a duke, should consider I had only done my duty, in snatching a fellow creature from destruction. But, let me ask, where would your baronetage have been, had not this young officer stepped between you and the grave ? Where would your ungrateful son have been, but for his timely aid ? And where would this sweet girl, of whom any father ought to be proud—where, I say, would she have been, but for the youth you despise ?” He grew warm. “ By heaven ! Sir Edward ! you would have found the sharks no respecters of birth or riches : they revel in the glorious spoils of Death ; and you, long ere now, might have satiated their ravenous appetites !” The Baronet shuddered. “ As for this young officer, he has been upwards of three years under my command. I have watched him silently and secretly : he is a noble fellow, and shall never want a friend while these old timbers hold together ! If he has injured your daughter, say so at once, and I instantly discard him.” “ He has ! he has !” exclaimed both Sir Edward and his son. I felt myself inspired with eloquence, and told my tale. “ If,” said I, “ to love Miss Agnes is a crime, it is one that has produced the most happy results, and never, never, will I resign it. To that love I am indebted for my present situation ; it has been the Polestar of my heart, yet never till this moment did my lips avow it. This, then, Sir, is the injury I have committed ; and now it remains with you, to drive me from you, or still to cherish the obscure individual whom you are pleased to patronise.” “ Drive you away, my boy !” replied the captain : “ no, no. I should indeed consider you unworthy of my notice, could you associate with so lovely a lass, and be insensible to her amiable disposition and beauty. But what says the fair lady ? Does she, too, despise the poor but honest sailor ?” A faint smile passed across her pallid cheek, as she distinctly uttered—“ He has preserved my father’s life !”

At that moment, thrown off my guard, I caught her hand, and pressed it to my lips. Both her father and her brother saw it, but they neither spoke nor moved. “ Come, come !” said the captain, as he turned round to hide the gathering tear : “ let us sit down to dinner, and we’ll discuss the matter afterwards. At present, thank God you are safe : the young folks have yet many years to pass over their heads, and a thousand things may happen.” A pang shot through my breast. “ Thus much, however, I will say : if ever he disgraces his cloth, I will be the first to oppose his designs ; but if, on the contrary, he continues as he has begun, I will support him, by G— ! with hand and heart : so, Sir Edward you will have two opponents, instead of one.” Sir Edward resumed his seat, his son returned to the table, but it was evidently with great mortification ; and the dinner passed off tolerably well.

The infant I had taken from its dying mother was the son of a female passenger, going to join her husband, an officer in the army, who had preceded her about twelve months, at a time when it was impossible she could accompany him. The little innocent did not want for nurses in the frigate, as a great many women had been saved, and all were anxious to caress and fondle the child. After touching at the island of Flores, for a supply of water and fresh provisions, we pursued our course for home ; and though, from my junior station, I could not join the company of Sir Edward and his family, nor even approach the captain, unless on duty, yet Agnes took frequent opportunities of conversing with me. I did not venture to mention my ardent attachment, or request a return of her esteem, yet I had the satisfaction of knowing that we regarded each other with feelings of affection, founded upon the purest desire of promoting each other’s happiness. None but those who have witnessed, can form an idea of the beauties of a fine clear summer evening, passed upon

the glossy surface of the ocean. It is the season when the officers assemble on the quarter-deck, and, as they pace fore and aft, enjoy the social and unrestrained converse which is precious to the heart. The falling shades of twilight conceal the anxious look, the starting tear, as busy Memory conjures up scenes of past joys, and Hope portrays the coming future. It was at these hours that Agnes generally came on deck, and I sometimes had the inexpressible pleasure of enjoying her society. Sir Edward had relaxed in his haughtiness; but his son remained impenetrably stubborn.

At length we arrived in England. The Baronet repaired to London; but previously to his departure, I received the most solemn assurance of the constancy of Agnes. To my friend the lieutenant I was indebted for this last interview; and in his presence our vows of fidelity were pledged. As soon as possible, I visited my parents (whose joy exceeded all bounds) and found them very comfortably settled. A few weeks after our arrival, the Baronet, with his son and daughter, once more embarked for Bombay. I had one farewell letter from Agnes; and every feeling of my soul was roused to renewed exertions in my profession, under the hope of one day calling her mine. It would be a useless, though perhaps not an uninteresting task, for me to detail the events of seven succeeding years; during which I frequently endeavoured to get upon the East India station, and at last succeeded. Through the recommendation of the captains I had served with, I was at this time first lieutenant of a sloop of war, and had obtained considerable property in prize-money; but I knew it would be ne-

cessary to gain higher promotion, before Sir Edward would listen to my proposals. Nevertheless, the prospect of seeing Agnes, afforded the most lively emotions of pleasing expectation. To this moment I can remember the delight which swelled my soul, when we anchored at Bombay, with an enemy's vessel of superior force, which we had captured, after a smart engagement; and which had been, for a long time, a great annoyance to our trade in the India seas. As soon as duty would permit, I went ashore, and eagerly enquired for the residence of Sir Edward. Thither I hastened, and almost the first individual that met my sight was the old butler. From him I learned that the baronet had been consigned to the tomb about nine months before; that young Sir Edward retained an important office; and that the gentle Agnes, harassed by the *importunities* of her brother (I afterwards heard *cruelties*), to become the wife of an extremely wealthy but depraved libertine, had sunk, broken-hearted to the grave! and the old man, with many tears, placed in my hands her last letter, addressed to me, with a small box, containing her miniature and several other mementos of an affectionate heart.

I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of my spirit at this heavy disappointment. Many years have flown away since, and I am now an old post-captain; but though I have seen hundreds of beautiful and pleasing women, I am still single. My affection for the devoted Agnes—my first, my only love—remains unshaken; and I look forward to that happy union, in the blissful realms of immortality, which knows neither separation nor sorrow!

THE OLD SAILOR.

DE VERE.*

AN attempt is manifestly making to puff this very superior moral performance into a sort of political portraiture, for which the venerable and very accomplished writer surely never destined it, calculated as such an attempt is to ruin its present utility and permanent reputation. Ambition is the stuff of the book; and he illustrates and exemplifies the bastard and legitimate species of it, by exhibiting—how could he do otherwise?—the characters and careers of the leaders of political parties—some prompted by selfish profligacy, and others aspiring to the purest and most elevated patriotism. Premiers, and secretaries, and chancellors, cannot of course be spoken of, even as imaginary shadows, without recalling realities: and accordingly the reader, in the tale before us, insensibly, and, if the fact be previously asserted, perhaps resolutely takes them for portraits; and portraits, in some of the features, they undoubtedly are. The features of ministers, from Bolingbroke to Pitt, are traceable distinctly enough; but one of the most conspicuous, Mr. Wentworth, the patriot minister, the daily prints and some of the literary journals, most absurdly and stupidly will have to be Mr. Canning. Mr. Canning, indeed, just now, is the hero of the liberal prints, and an act of oblivion seems by consent to have been past on all his long and habitual support of the worst corruptions of a corrupt system, controlled by a predominating oligarchy, the weight of whose iron hand he is himself now feeling, and which, should he even shake it off for the present, will eventually crush him. Heaven forbid, that we should refuse to Mr. Canning all title to patriotism—but he must be judged by his acts. This Mr. Wentworth of the novel, is portrayed as a man resolved upon introducing a new and

more liberal system of government—upon setting his face steadily against official or family intrigues—upon administering a government of “measures, not men”—that is, of shaping public measures for the benefit of the community at large, great and small, and not of one of its orders, &c. Now, really, to think of Mr. Canning in this light is quite ridiculous. What, in the existing system of representation, can a government be but one of political intrigue—one of exchange—of buying and selling; and who has ever, from first to last, been half so resolute, and so turbulent and insolent an opponent of reform as Mr. Canning? He has gloried in this oppugnancy; and no man can rationally expect a change in this respect; and if not in this respect, none in the general system of administration—none essentially and efficiently—and for any thing else we care not a straw.

We do not however for a moment believe that the writer had individuals, known and tried, specifically and wholly in view; if he had, and Mr. Wentworth be the foreign secretary, then he must either have the eyes of a lynx, or be as blind as a bat. But he is no blind man; and we therefore the more wonder—and must wonder—at the unconcerned, unhesitating tone in which he speaks of borough influence, as if it never entered his thoughts as a matter deserving of censure; and nothing, we conceive, but the long and hardening possession of office could have brought a man of his high moral purity of principle—which strikes us at every turn, and is every where else consistently, beautifully, and feelingly enforced—not only not to reprobate, but by implication to approve of the corrupting effects of it. But to the novel:—

De Vere is the descendent of the noble family of that name, the young-

* De Vere, by the author of Tremains. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1827.

er son of a general officer of very small property, and left by the death of his father to the tender mercies of an elder brother. This elder brother studiously neglects him; and in his boyhood he finds himself the sole occupant of the ancient tumbling-down mansion, with no other attendance than the old servant who has the care of the house and grounds. He is thus suffered to run wild and unlicked—remote from all acquaintance with the elegances of life, and possessing scarcely its ordinary comforts; his education is utterly unattended to; his manners roughen; and he is in manifest danger of sinking fast into the coarsest habits, and of never recovering the position in society to which his birth entitles him, and which his natural abilities, could they be cultivated, seem destined to adorn. In spite of the brother's cruel and insidious neglect—in spite of all resolves to depress him below his caste, the noble disposition and lurking talents of the lad, interest one of his father's friends—one of his guardians—with nothing but the *person* to guard—and after the failure of many attempts, at last an old retired and eccentric Oxonian is persuaded to take charge of him; and, under his instruction, he picks up, if not polished manners, at least some useful classical knowledge.

As his mind opens, and his moral qualities develope, firmness and resolution appear to be the chief characteristics of his nature. He was now sixteen, and had not seen his mother from infancy—the elder brother's policy—the principles, or at least the purpose, of which are not very satisfactorily defined—had interrupted all intercourse between the mother and the son. This separation, and the general oppression he labours under, kindle his indignation, and prompt him to expostulate roundly. He will see her, and he does see her; and they behold each other with sentiments of mutual tenderness, and a warm admiration, that after intercourse never cooled again.

Luckily for De Vere, about this

time his elder brother dies; and though the property to which he succeeds is small, his guardians now bestir themselves to shape his future destiny. One of them is an ecclesiastic of eminence—the late Dean of — Christ Church, we may here say at once—for Cyril Jackson doubtless was in the writer's mind. This is one of the most finished portraits in the book. The dean is represented as a man of influence among the greatest—of learning, talent, polish, and moral superiority. On the dean's advice he goes to Oxford; and under the superintendence of this respected and respectable adviser, he successfully pursues his studies; and under the noble lessons of his noble mother, he matures in every excellent propensity, and every high and firm resolve.

Now he first meets with his cousin, Lady Constance Mowbray—an heiress of immense expectations, with all the fascinations of beauty, dignity, sense, and worth, to unite in laying spell-bound for ever his first feelings of love. The lady's father, Lord Mowbray—a brother of De Vere's mother—is in office, devoted to place and politics—a man of very inferior abilities, and of no very lofty sense of integrity, where any obstacle, which could be removed by a little management, stood in the way of his ambitious views.

With the little property to which De Vere succeeded on his brother's death, was the command of one of the seats of the neighboring borough; and to this command he owes the notice Lord Mowbray takes of him—particularly his invitation, and a long visit of months to Castle Mowbray. De Vere, however, full of swelling notions of the qualifications of a statesman, declines for a time taking himself the seat, and proposes to travel and see the world under different aspects, the better to qualify himself for his legislative duties. Just at this time Lord Mowbray's private secretary, who held De Vere's seat, dies, and though De Vere declines, somebody who can be relied

upon must occupy it. He recommends to his uncle a humble friend of the name of Clayton—a college acquaintance—a tuft-hunter—already known to Lord Mowbray through his introduction, and acceptable to him, to fill up both vacancies. This youth proves a scoundrel, and is the very representative of rascality in the lower ranks of office. By a long course of assiduous attentions he had contrived to conciliate De Vere's esteem; and gradually now, through him, he does the same with his uncle; and finally, through that uncle's cupidity for power and influence, aided by De Vere's refusal to become a tool in the hands of his unworthy relative, brings about an alienation between the parties. Craftily, he ruins De Vere's interest in the borough, which he secures for Lord Mowbray—with something very like connivance on the superior's part—and looks forward to keeping the seat comfortably and securely, not on the precarious tenure of De Vere's absence, or of De Vere's approbation, but as the fee and reward of his agency in the dirtiest work, and the most degrading political traffic, for Lord Mowbray.

Lord Mowbray's daughter is an observant spectator of a great deal of these combined machinations of her father and his creature against her high-souled cousin; but no sooner is her knowledge of this combined proceeding suspected, than every motive available with a delicate and high-minded and devoted daughter, is put in requisition by her artful father, to lull, and subdue, and shame her from interference. The borough is thus lost to De Vere; and very soon afterwards, to the extreme relief of Lord Mowbray's conscience, he fills up the measure of his own offences against his uncle's party, by manifesting a pretty decided attachment to a certain ex-minister.

All hopes of succeeding in the career of politics were thus at an end; but he had enjoyed rich opportunities of proving, in many successive trials, and by the rejection of many

offers of brilliant slavery, that he loved his independence better than riches coupled with discredit. He now buried his attachment to his cousin in the depths of his heart; and sick of the profligacy of politicians, and embittered by the ingratitude of the reptile he had raised from the dung-hill, he resolves to go abroad. He and the ex-minister, Wentworth—himself disgusted and defeated—the patriot, the scholar, the orator, the gentleman, the friend—a combination of all that is lofty, brilliant, fascinating, and attaching—start together for the continent, to travel down their common disgust, and moralize among the sunny vines of the south; and we accompany them through a most delightful tour.

But ambition had gotten one of them at least securely within the influence of its vortex, though as far removed from its centre as the Pyrenees; and, from different motives, both sigh for London again, and its spirit-stirring interests. On their return, the political world is in a state of distraction—every individual on the rack—the minister just ready to let go his feeble hold—chiefs conflicting—and subordinates watching and suspended. Lord Mowbray is supplanted, and driven to the country, and dies miserably of baffled hopes—not however before imploring and importuning his daughter, as the sole means of saving his life, to marry a profligate kinsman, Lord Cleveland, the very man who had turned him out, and who was ready to condition—for that reward—to negotiate his return to power.

Constance, and her struggles, through these importunities, are beautifully painted; and indeed throughout the novel, from her first introduction to London, where, for political purposes, she is made the centre of attraction and influence, down to the time when she watches by the bedside of her luckless parent, we cannot recollect, in novel or poem, a picture more simple, sensitive, energetic, delicate, and commanding than the author's heroine. Lord Mow-

bray dies, and she succeeds to all his large possessions.

But soon Lord Cleveland, who had in vain attempted to traffic for her hand, gets possession of a deed, by which it appears that the ancestor, through whom one-half of her estates are derived, never intended them for a female, but that they should go to the Cleverlands, of whom this lord was the representative. The cause comes to trial, when it appears to the judge that all the parties are not in court, and that the collateral heirs of Lord Mowbray must appear. De Vere and his mother persist in refusing the summons, till the matter becomes evident, that at all events, Constance's right cannot be maintained, and that the question concerns the male heir only. Then at last he consents; and the estates are finally adjudged, not to Lord Cleveland, but to *himself*.

The manner in which De Vere and his mother are enabled, by the greatness and integrity of their souls, to keep well with Constance, and she with them, through this delicate busi-

ness of the trial; and the last explanation between De Vere and Constance, in which he pours into her ears his long-pent tale of passion, are far above our praise; and we will not mar either of them by attempting the detail, or the eulogium they deserve.

The story however cannot be said to be vigorously developed—its chief interest lying among the fluctuations, stratagems, and anxieties of public life; but political profligacy is shewn up in a true and strong light; and every kind and shade of it meets with a reprobation, in which our judgment entirely acquiesces. It wants the vivid colouring that lives in the Scotch novels; the figures do not breathe before our eyes, and speak to our ears: the machinery does not stand out in that bold relief, which *there* so occupies and engrosses every sense of the reader; but our sentiments and our understandings are kept in constant activity; and moral truth is elicited with strength and simplicity, and a heart-stirring solemnity. The writer must take rank with the proudest.

KITTY KIRBY.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

The honeysuckle of the cottage-porch,
In all its freshness, all its fragrance plucked,
And scattered wantonly.

THE name of Kate Kirby is now never mentioned in the village of Amberstone without the epithet of *poor*, pronounced, even by the rudest speaker, in tones of commiseration. Silence follows the exclamation, during which tears are seen to start to the eyes of the young and the old. It is not two years since that very name might be said to be only another word for *cheerfulness*; for at that period the very mention of it was synonymous with the idea of a lovely maiden, sportively innocent, the sound of whose voice was an invocation to pleasure.

Kate Kirby was the only child of Cicely Kirby, a widow, who had pre-

served two small cottages, with about four acres of land, out of the ruin of that property which, with her hand, she had bestowed upon her late husband. He had been one of those thoughtless, good-natured fellows, whom the world admits to be "nobody's enemy but their own." Every man is, indeed, either his own best friend, or his own worst enemy. Harry Kirby might be said, with and without a pun, on every occasion, to *forget himself*: the worst of the matter was, that he forgot his wife and daughter at the same time.

At the death of her husband, Mrs. Kirby let out one cottage and the land, and made the other, with its

charming garden and orchard, the dwelling of herself and little Kate. She possessed, also, a contented spirit; and this, with a few books and her daughter, soon reconciled her to her condition. Kate was her treasure: the laugh that ever played about the dimpled cheek of this lovely girl—(and it was the laugh of the heart, the unaffected gaiety of affection)—was her happiness. The mother's spirit caught that hilarity of tenderness, manifested thus continually in the object the fondest and the most endeared to it. The neighbours participated in the influence; and it became common, from one end of Amberstone to the other, on any appearance of discontent, to say, "Well, now! why can't we be as happy as Dame Kirby and her daughter Kate?"

It has been remarked of young women whose dispositions are distinguished for cheerfulness, that they do not love readily; but that when they love, they love earnestly. In truth, "if love will not make them serious, nothing will." Poor Kate Kirby! she was between sixteen and seventeen, when a young man, who had just turned his one-and-twentieth year, had occasion to call upon her mother, upon business. His deceased father had been trustee for Mrs. Kirby's dowry, and he had found some writings belonging to her among his papers. These writings were important, as being the title-deeds of her little property; but as her possession of them would add nothing to her income, she had hitherto considered them perfectly safe in the hands of her trustee. The act, however, showed attention to her interests, and young Mr. Elmwood was cordially received. What his actual motives in this transaction were, I will not venture to insinuate. He had seen Kate Kirby once or twice at his father's house; for old Elmwood occasionally noticed Mrs. Kirby and her daughter, and invited them to a sort of triennial dinner, during which, with much apparent feeling, he consoled with her on the folly and extravagance of her late husband; and

lamented, with probably as much sincerity as delicacy, that her handsome dowry was reduced to such narrow limits. Mrs. Kirby always returned home in tears, and she never accepted the invitation but with repugnance.

Kate Kirby was then, as I have said, in her seventeenth year. I would describe her if I could; but it was not the colour of her hair or of her eyes—it was not her face nor her figure, that constituted the truly fascinating loveliness which all acknowledged who approached her. She was fair, but I have seen fairer: her hair was auburn, but I have seen locks of a more glossy hue: her form was light and elegant, yet have I seen forms of more accurate symmetry. Her hazel eyes had light in them that I never saw outshone; and her lips had a ruddiness, and, in their smile, an expression, that I never saw equalled: while their laugh—for Kate, as I have before noticed, would repeatedly laugh outright—realized to my imagination the laugh of a Hebe in her innocence, before she served at the banquets of the gods.

Charles Elmwood was elegant in person and manners, and gay in disposition. Already he had seen much of high life, and had thereby contracted that modern affectation of indifference, and that haughtiness of general demeanour, which, perhaps, heighten the casual expression of sentiment and condescension. He was exactly one of those wealthy young men, of whom persons a grade or two below them are apt to say, "He can be very agreeable when he pleases." It pleased him to endeavour to be as agreeable as possible in the society of Kitty Kirby, and to be in her society as often as possible. A small shooting-box, belonging to the manor which now formed part of his possessions, had stood for some years neglected on the lands of a neighbouring farm: it was immediately put into complete repair, and his residence there facilitated his interviews with this amiable girl; while in his more immediate object of rendering himself agreeable to her, he was as suc-

cessful as he could wish. Poor Kate Kirby! she loved him with a devotion of tenderness which, even from the first moment, appeared like infatuation. She, indeed, loved in earnest. Nor was her gaiety of heart suddenly extinguished, in the intensity of affection. If it yielded, at intervals, to seriousness, languor, or to melancholy, it would also, at intervals, burst out with redoubled vivacity, blended with a more than customary tenderness of manner, and the very delicacy of sportiveness.

Charles Elmwood could not but perceive the attachment of his victim; but neither the sincerity nor the simplicity that characterised that attachment awakened in him the least commiseration. He admired the undisguisedness of heart with which a lovely being, in whose bosom had hitherto resided joy, and whose every whisper had breathed of happiness, immolated to him her future existence: but he hesitated not to accept the sacrifice, nor deceitfully to lull the apprehensions of such an innocent one, at the instant when the confidence of love verges upon crime, and the ecstasy of mutual bliss trembles on the brink of irremediable evil. Then, even then, did he mingle with his blandishments assurances of reciprocal tenderness, and pledges of honourable engagement. Under such pledges, in the security of everlasting faith, and while sensibility overpowered both presentiment and reflection, the sacrifice was made: and poor Kitty Kirby, in full reliance on the integrity of her lover, forgot the preservation of that purity, without which the integrity of the female heart, however perfect, is lost to the intercourse of society.

This occurred in the autumn of the year before last; and Charles Elmwood remained at his shooting-box until December. The commerce of the lovers was frequent, and wholly without that management which girls less artless than Kate would almost instinctively have understood. The neighbours—alas! what have neighbours to do with love?—made

themselves very busy. Perhaps there might be a little envy in Betsy Basslett and another—but, generally, it was the consideration of friendship that made them so. The matter was mentioned in hints to Mrs. Kirby; but Mrs. Kirby was very slow in comprehending hints. At length, however, she became alarmed; and then, with a hasty openness of manner, which was at once the failing and the virtue of the family, spoke earnestly, and somewhat angrily to her daughter upon the subject. Poor Kate turned pale—she bit her lips, sobbed, and was silent: the truth, the whole truth, was often upon those very lips, struggling to come forth; but there was that in her mother's expressions and air, that forbade the utterance. It was not a moment of filial confidence. Poor Kate Kirby!—Her mother talked of virtue, which Kate was conscious she no longer possessed; and boasted of her reliance on that honour, which, unless her lover was indeed honourable, was now less than a name.

It was in the firm confidence that he was indeed honourable, that poor Kate Kirby directed her steps, that afternoon, towards the shooting-box of Charles Elmwood; yet as she went, strange doubts of that honour, for the first time, arose in her mind. Oh! how painful is that errand, when we go to ask those we love to do that which they ought to do of their own accord—to call for performance, the neglect of which on their part throws a doubt upon their love; importunity on our side may imply selfishness and mistrust! Kate entered the lodge in tears. She saw her fate in Charles's hesitation. She offered no remonstrance; she did not even look a reproach—she only continued to weep. Without redemption of her honour, which it was in his power alone to grant, she resolved never more to stand before her mother. "In a state of shame," her mother had hastily said, "she could no longer be hers!"—"In a state of shame," said poor Kate to her lover, "I am yours only. If I am unwor-

thy to be your wife, yet remove me from this place : in shame I can have no home but of your providing !”

A post-chaise was ordered : a short note was written to her mother ; and, by the close of the next day, Kate Kirby was with Charles Elmwood, in elegant lodgings in Mary-le-bone.

How different in manner, and yet how equally miserable, was the ensuing year passed by Kate Kirby and her unhappy mother !—But I enter not into detail.

It was towards the evening of a dark wet day, in the November following, that a pale, emaciated figure, in black attire, passed along the narrow winding lane, which, with its scattered cottages on either hand, forms the village of Amberstone. Many of the dwellings were, indeed, closed for the night, but here and there a labourer, with a lantern, was coming from his cow-shed or his sty ; or a woman, with a child in her arms, was looking out for the return of her husband ; or some wench was lifting a neighbour's latch, with a borrowed bucket or basket, and just peeping in, to see what kept Josh or Joe so quiet at home. Betsy Baslett was thus holding the door of Dolly Hanbury's hovel half open, while a stream of light from the bright fire within, spread forward upon the melancholy figure that slowly moved forward, and sobbed aloud as it went.

“ La ! Doll !” exclaimed Betsy Baslett, “ if there ben't Kitty Kirby, looking for a' the world like a ghaist !”

“ Ghaist, indeed,” said Dame Hanbury, coming to the door : “ and what should bring her from all her Lunnen pride and finery, just as the ghaist of her wretched mother is flitting, after a' its sufferings, to a world o' peace and rest ?”

The melancholy form in black, hurrying onward, sobbed aloud and bitterly.

Mrs. Kirby was indeed on her death-bed : she was a corse upon that bed. She had sickened at heart. She was not heard to complain—she was never seen to weep—the name of her daughter never escaped her lips.

The fever on her nerves was continual, but she sought neither aid nor advice, and died almost alone ! A poor aged woman, who had for some years past subsisted upon a pittance from the parish, and who had been her casual attendant, now sat beside the body. About eight or nine o'clock that evening, this old woman, who had long been thought to be at times unsettled in her mind, alarmed the village with a bewildered story. She said, that a pale, ghostly-looking woman in black, had entered the apartment, and had knelt down by the bedside, weeping most grievously. She added, that she spoke to the person, who instantly stared at her frightfully, and disappeared. “ I well believe it was Kitty Kirby !” continued the old woman : “ an' if she be Kate, Kate is no longer o' this world, and is wofully waur looking for her abiding in any other.”

This story, related on the united testimony of Betsy Baslett and Dolly Hanbury, created an alarming sensation throughout the village of Amberstone. Inquiries were made with anxiety and perturbation ; but an impartial observer would probably have noticed, that in every inquiry there was a strong inclination to believe that the ghost of Kitty Kirby had actually been seen ; and as no traces of her having been personally in the village were discovered, it was universally admitted that her appearance had been purely spiritual. Such impressions are often made in a country village, upon much slighter testimony.

In the midland and northern counties, it continues to be the general practice to bury the deceased on the third day after death. The church of Amberstone is a small ancient rustic building, somewhat remote from the farms and cottages. On the day when, according to the established custom, the funeral of the unhappy Mrs. Kirby was to take place, almost the whole of the inhabitants of Amberstone assembled at the door of her dwelling, and followed her remains in mournful procession. The clergyman, who resided in the adjoining

parish, came across some fields, and took his position before the coffin, as the mourners entered the churchyard. Repeating the commencement of the funeral service without book, he led the way to the porch of the humble edifice. The clerk, who walked nearly at the side of the curate, holding the church key in his hand, stepped forward to unlock the door. It already stood ajar: he thrust it open, and advanced. This old man, whose straight long white hair has, for many years, given a venerable aspect to the seat he occupies beneath the reading-desk, started suddenly, dropped the key, and exclaimed, "Bless us all! what is this?" The clergy-

man broke off abruptly his recitation; and of the mourners who had entered the church, the females shrieked, and the men stood transfixed with grief and astonishment.

The object that occasioned this awful and melancholy interruption was the body of Kate Kirby, prostrate, with her face towards the communion table. She seemed to have been on her knees at the moment of her death, and to have fallen forward, with her hands clasped and extended, in dying. There was in her bosom a small prayer-book, which usually remained in the pew occupied by her mother. A phial, that had contained laudanum, lay on the step of the altar!

OUR VISIT TO THE HOPKINSES.

MY sister Rebecca had for a long time persisted in soliciting me, who am somewhat bigotted to my own inclinations, to pay a week's visit to our maternal cousins, the Hopkinses, of —shire, and my inclinations had long been turned against the project: first, because I hate to do anything I am persuaded to do; secondly, because I hate travelling far from home, even with Beckey to accompany me; thirdly, because I do not like the county in which these said maternal cousins reside, nor their place in that county, for it is almost like the place mentioned by Moore in one of his melodies,

"Where man ne'er had wandered, nor sun-beams played;"

desolate and dreary, like the fogs of November, all the year round; fourthly, because, under the rose, I hate the Hopkinses, or have hated them, or may hate them, I hardly know which; and I was not very ambitious of putting myself to the test upon the subject.

Rebecca is a much more kindly-dispositioned person than I am, and hardly knows what hating and hatred are. Good soul! she loves all people and all things alike, and in truth it is well for her that she does. It

saves her a great many of the disagreeable sensations I suffer.

There are so many of these Hopkinses for any reasonable man to endeavour to like. There is old Hopkins himself, and Mrs. Hopkins—he a bigotted ignoramus, who fancies nevertheless (as all people of that feather do) that his head contains the essence and sublimation of all human knowledge; and Mrs. H., who sentimentalizes over flowers, furbelows, flounces, and farm-yards, over poetry and pig-styes. Then there is Mr. Harry (hopeful) Hopkins, junior, who combines the attractive qualities and characters of both parents with a most complacent self-will of his own. Then there is Miss Hopkins (christened Hetty) No. 2 of the feminine gender, all smirks, and smiles, and small talk, with a face like a half-toasted muffin, and hands like gammons of bacon, on which are usually displayed as many rings as would find the poor of the parish with blankets and water-gruel for five successive winters. Then there is Miss Polly Hopkins—I fancy she must be the Polly Hopkins who was complimented in the song, bearing her name, some seasons since at Vauxhall—

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"Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins!
How d'ye do—how d'ye do?"

for she is devoted to fantastical amusements, and doats on Vauxhall and Astley's theatre; both of which places she has to my knowledge once had the horrid felicity of visiting, and caught cold and chilblains in store for the winter, by getting wet through her kid slippers. Then there is Miss Hebe Hopkins. I wonder what could make that old fool of a mother persist in having her christened Hebe. I guess she had been rummaging through an old mythological dictionary; and though she could not exactly make out what the name meant, yet found out that the Tomkinses and Hobsons had no daughter of that name, and chose it for singularity's sake. I remember the old people use to pronounce the name *Heeb*, dropping the final vowel, till the new curate had the friendly audacity to set them right. When I saw Miss Hebe last, she was strongly devoted to gathering cowslips and conundrums, and would run through all the meadows for five miles round, and all the annual pocket-books within the same circumference, to add to her store of each of those commodities. Dickey Hopkins was the last of this hopeful flock; and, thank heaven, I have not heard that there is any danger of an increase either in the masculine or feminine gender. Dickey was an urchin when I saw him last, and must by this time be grown to a good sized lubberly lout. At that early age he was given to music and meddling, prying and the piano-forte, had bade fair to excel in every department of each.

These were the Hopkinses, to whom my dear kind-hearted sister wished we should banish ourselves. So good humoured was Beckey, that she would be wise with old Hopkins—sentimental and rural with Mrs. H.—wise, sentimental, and rural with Mr. Harry, the distilled compound of all the paternal and maternal virtues and graces: she could, moreover, smile, smirk, and play small-talk with Miss Hetty; sing ballads,

and talk humdrum with Polly; and gather cowslips and conundrums with Hebe. She could not hit it off quite so well with Dickey, but he was a mere child, she thought, and might alter. At least Beckey, with all her good humour, would not alter herself down to his standard, for Beckey never meddled, or pryed, or played on the piano-forte.

Well—"that which cannot be eschewed must be embraced," is somewhere said by some one who knew somewhat about mundane affairs; and so said I, for I love Beckey from my heart, and it really goes against me to thwart her plans, howsoever disagreeable they may be to me, for "she doth all things with so sweet a grace." "Beckey," or rather "Rebecca, my dear," said I, one morning (for I always, in my best and worst humours, speak to her with the greatest respect) 'that which cannot be eschewed must be embraced,' and therefore name your own time for visiting the Hopkinses—write to them and apprise them of our intention, and give me three days' notice that I may undergo due preparation for such an event. I can only say, however, that I wish such an event were like the small-pox, coming only once in one's life. Beckey smiled her approbation and gratitude in my face; and the old carriage and harness were furished up, and the old pair were trimmed, and had their manes and tails duly and reverently pulled, and were made as spruce as their age, and long standing in the profession of coach-horses would admit of. Beckey wrote her proposal to the Hopkinses, and not a post was lost ere they grasped at us as though we had been two gudgeons, and they a shoal of jackfish, and sent us a round-robin, signed by all the hands of all the Hopkinses, earnestly hoping that nothing would happen to prevent the execution of the project. Thus war—war upon my peace and quiet—was declared, and I had no consolation but the philosophical text with which I began my consent to Beckey's wishes.

Oh ye, who have been convicted at the bar of your country, and have heard the sentence of banishment pronounced against you, ye can partly sympathize in my feelings, but not wholly. To you the future is undefined: it may be all pain, but hope whispers it may be pain and pleasure mingled. My future was defined clearly enough. I knew what I had to endure; and the only comfort I had in store was, that I should not be banished for life. I think I am not selfish, for I did all this to please Beckey.

The day dawned—"the great, the important day"—as Addison says, in the opening of *Cato*,—"big with the fate of" Beckey and of me—as he did not say. Nevertheless it was so. The day dawned, the carriage was well stuffed with our *et ceteras*; and the imperial, crammed with my dear Beckey's everlasting ruffs, and frills, and farthingales, was solemnly strapped on the top. I put the best face I could on the matter, and "over the hills and far away" we went, stoutly resolving to accomplish a full five miles an hour. Two days' hard travelling at that rate brought us to Hucklebury Hall, —shire, the retired seat of this most enchanting and delightful flock of Hopkinses. Most people write their travels. I am more modest; and besides, as mine would not, I presume, answer very well for your magazine, I will not inflict them upon my readers. We arrived safely, and that is quite enough. I felt, as we came within sight of the house (or at least endeavoured to feel) that when I should have shaken old Hopkins and his wife by the hand, and been lapped and kissed over by the girls, and leered at as an odd fish by the junior male members of the family, the worst would be over. With this I endeavoured to console myself. Scarcely was our carriage in view, but out came the whole tribe in formidable array—old Hopkins stumping at the head of them like the grenadier gander of his own farm yard. It is but a tribute of justice due to

the old fellow to say, that he gave us the most cordial welcome, hugged my hand as though he had screwed it in a vice, and seemed as though he intended to swallow Beckey in one morsel. Just as I had feared, the girls were all up at arms to try who should have the first kiss, and I was as much so to escape all. I bobbed amongst the holly-clumps to avoid them; but they, taking it for bashfulness, doubled upon me; and, after having been fairly, or rather unfairly, twice lapped over by them all, I was allowed to see the interior of Hucklebury Hall. How shocking it is to be at that age when spinsters think they have a right to kiss you with impunity, calling you the "old gentleman."—Pshaw!

Beckey who did not mind being kissed twenty times over, looked supremely happy, and I dare say she felt so; for, between ourselves, she likes to be made much of. I was fatigued and wearied by my journey, and therefore allowed to remain tolerably quiescent for a time. It was evening—a summer's evening—and, according to Mrs. Hopkins's notion of the right sort of thing, we were to have a rural supper, a *feet shampeeter*, as Harry called it (I wish there were no such a thing as rurality in the world), under the old spreading elm before the parlour window. And the fools had set the bells a-ringing. I told them when I was there before, as plainly as I could speak, that I hated belles of all sorts, and that they might have guessed this time, if they had any brains, by my dodging amongst the holly-clumps.—But—(as old Hopkins said upon some indifferent topic)—"*nemo mortali*"—but I will give it in English—"No mortal man is wise at all hours"—nor woman neither, I opine.—I endured the rural supper as well as I could, remembering what I had said to Beckey when I consented to the visit.

I am not usually given to finessing, but the unusual situation in which I was placed rendered it absolutely necessary that I should relax my principles a little; and therefore feel-

ing somewhat sleepy, and shamming a great deal more, added to sundry complaints of aches and pains, I was allowed at an early hour to retire to my own room for the night; and when the morning came, I almost resolved to sham sleep and head-ache all day. However, as Hopkins said over night, that he had read in a learned book one day, that it is a scene for the gods to see a great man struggling with adversity, I resolved that they who were neither gods nor goddesses (not even Miss Hebe excepted) should at least see me struggle manfully with my adversity, heavy and grievous as it was for me to bear. I therefore, in the morning, "don'd my clothes," as poor Ophelia sings, in due time, and made my appearance amongst the formidable segments of the breakfast circle. Thank heaven, kissing is not deemed necessary every morning and night at Hucklebury Hall. Poor girls! they had so few things to kiss in that secluded part of the world, that I dare say, had they not been so lucky as to get a smack at me on my arrival, they would have ventured themselves on John, or the block on which he dresses my caxon every morning.

Well, however, after all there is something comfortable in a hearty welcome, even from people you do not like quite so well as others. With this feeling, I endeavoured to make myself as happy as possible. Sometimes the serene sunshine of Becky's happy countenance reflected upon mine, and if I were not happy, at least I looked so, for "the sun's bright rays casting their brilliant lustre over the hills," and something else of the same sort, that Mrs. Hopkins in her poetical mood, observed while handing me a new-laid egg at breakfast, came over my mind, and I looked upon Becky as the sun, and myself as—I know not what; but Mrs. Hopkins gave me the idea, and I dare say it was a very good one. "But, farewell it."

The breakfast ordeal being over, the amusements for the day were then thought of. As a refuge, I had

brought with me Izaak Walton's Angler, Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, and Francis Quarle's quaint Emblems, which contain nearly all the mental pith that I care for, and should gladly have gone a mousing amongst their conceits happily enough; but the erudite Mr. Hopkins, senior, the present *propositus* (as the lawyers would call him) of the living branches of the Hopkins pedigree, compared to whom the sober and moral Izaak, the terse Sir Thomas, and the quaintly sincere Francis, were but as motes in the sunbeam, commanded my attention in the library, and actually for three hours dragged me through his common place-books (which, from what I observed, I should rather call common-thing books, containing every thing which every body knows), and, in addition to the erudition which he had thus gathered together in his books, he inflicted more and more upon me, by squeezing out, from time to time, a spice of that which he had gathered (or as he would have called it, common-placed) in his brain; but as he had no index to this latter volume, he was sometimes amusingly at a loss to find what he wanted; and, as though a spigot had given way in his head, a heterogeneous mass of gleanings would rush out at random. I would sooner be dragged for six hours through a horse-pond, than three through any man's common or uncommon place-book.

The kind-hearted Becky kept the girls away from me as much as she could—but not so did she manage the sentimental flower-furbelow and farm-yard-fancying Mrs. Hopkins. She was not so easily entrapped from me as some of the young fry were. She was accustomed to cry "halves," in all that her husband possessed; and as soon as my three hours' closeting with him was concluded, she seized me by the arm, and led me, "willy nilly," to a new scene of torture, and claimed the right of having me all to herself for a time. She led me through all the scenes of her delight—the objects of

her fancy. Oh, Mrs. Hopkins—kind, tender, poetical, rural cousin Hopkins! how do I remember those two hours when thou hadst me to thyself! Shenstone was thy poet—poet of nature, of simplicity—of Mrs. Hopkins! How didst thou enthrall my too willing fancy, as thou pointedst out those tender lines to which thou saidst thy heart always beat in unison! How lightly (to thee) did the time pass! Thy flounces and furbelows were for Beckey to hear the history of: they were not for me. I was destined to explore the more exquisite beauties of thy Paradise of a pig-stye. Oh that I were even thy pigs, my tender cousin!

Thus did Mrs. Hopkins and I while away the time until dinner—that exquisite meeting—that socializer, where we open our mouths and hearts—the former with hunger, and the latter with cordiality. The dinner-table is a leveller; and the greatest strangers, after having dipped in the salt, in company with each other, become cronies. I dreaded what the juniors might inflict on me after this. However, as the dinner was too substantial an affair to be hastily discussed, I must postpone my history of that, and of the remainder of our visit till the next ensuing number.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

"PARADE, Sir! Parade, Sir!— There's a parade this morning, Sir!"

With these words, grumbled out by the unyielding leathern lungs of my servant, I was awakened from an agreeable dream in my barrack-room bed one morning about a quarter before eight o'clock.

"Parade!" I reflected a moment!—"Yes," said I, "a *punishment* parade."

I proceeded to dress; and as I looked out of my window I saw that the morning was as gloomy and disagreeable as the duty we were about to perform. "Curse the punishment! curse the crimes!"—muttered I to myself.

I was soon shaved, booted, and belted. The parade-call was beaten, and in a moment I was in the barrack-yard.

The non-commissioned officers were marching their squads to the ground: the officers, like myself, were turning out: the morning was cold as well as foggy: and there was a sullen, melancholy expression upon every man's countenance, indicative of the relish they had for a punishment parade: the faces of the officers, as upon all such occasions, were

particularly serious; the women of the regiment were to be seen in silent groupes at the barrack-windows—in short, every thing around appealed to the heart, and made it sick. Two soldiers were to receive three hundred lashes each! One of them, a corporal, had till now preserved a good character for many years in the regiment; but he had been in the present instance seduced into the commission of serious offences by an associate of very bad character. Their crimes, arising, doubtless from habits of intoxication, were, disobedience of orders, insolence to the sergeant on duty, and the making away with some of their necessities.

The regiment formed on the parade, and we marched off in a few minutes to the riding-house, where the triangle was erected, about which the men formed a square, with the colonel, the adjutant, the surgeon, and the drummers in the centre.

"Attention!" roared out the colonel. The word, were it not that it was technically necessary, need not have been used, for the attention of all was most intense; and scarcely could the footsteps of the last men, closing in, be fairly said to have broken the gloomy silence of the riding-

house. The two prisoners were now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a corporal and four men.

"Attention!" was again called, and the adjutant commanded to read the proceedings of the court-martial. When he had concluded, the colonel commanded the private to "*strip*."

The drummers now approached the triangle, four in number, and the senior took up the "*cat*," in order to free the "*tails*" from entanglement with each other.

"Strip, sir!" repeated the colonel, having observed that the prisoner seemed reluctant to obey the first order.

"Colonel," replied he, in a determined tone, "I'll volunteer."*

"You'll volunteer, will you, sir?"

"Yes, sooner than I'll be flogged."

"I am not sorry for that. Such fellows as you can be of no use to the service except in Africa. Take him back to the guard-house, and let the necessary papers be made out for him immediately."

The latter sentence was addressed to the corporal of the guard who escorted the prisoners, and accordingly the man who volunteered was marched off, a morose frown and contemptuous sneer strongly marked on his countenance.

The colonel now addressed the other prisoner.

"You are the last man in the regiment I could have expected to find in this situation. I made you a corporal, sir, from a belief that you were a deserving man; and you had before you every hope of farther promotion; but you have committed such a crime that I must, though unwillingly, permit the sentence of the court which tried you take its effect." Then turning to the sergeant-major, he ordered him to cut off the corporal's stripes from his jacket; this was done, and the prisoner then stripped without the slightest change in his stern but penitent countenance.

Every one of the regiment felt for the unfortunate corporal's situation;

for it was believed that nothing but intoxication, and the persuasion of the other prisoner who had volunteered, could have induced him to subject himself to the punishment he was about to receive, by committing such a breach of military law, as that of which he was convicted. The colonel himself, although apparently rigorous and determined, could not, by all his efforts, hide his regret that a good man should be thus punished; the affected frown, and the loud voice in command, but ill concealed his real feelings;—the struggle between the head and the heart was plainly to be seen; and had the head had but the smallest loophole to have escaped, the heart would have gained the victory. But no alternative was left: the man had been a *corporal*, and therefore was the holder of a certain degree of trust from his superiors: had he been a private only, the crime might have been allowed to pass with impunity, on account of his former good character; but, as the case stood, the colonel could not possibly pardon him, much as he wished to do so. No officer was more averse to flogging in any instance, than he was; and whenever he could avert that punishment, consistent with his judgment, which was at all times regulated by humanity, he would gladly do it. Flogging was in his eyes an odious punishment, but he found that the total abolition of it was impossible; he therefore held the power over the men, but never used it when it could be avoided. His regiment was composed of troublesome spirits; and courts-martial were frequent; so were sentences to the punishment of the lash; but seldom, indeed, were those punishments carried into execution; for if the colonel could find no fair pretext in the previous conduct of the criminal to remit his sentence, he would privately request the captain of his company to intercede for him when about to be tied up to the triangle: thus placing the man under a strong moral obligation to the officer

* Men under sentence of court-martial were allowed the option of either suffering the sentence, or volunteering to serve on the coast of Africa.

under whose more immediate command he was; and in general this proved far more salutary than the punishment ever could have done.

The prisoner was now stripped and ready to be tied, when the colonel asked him why he did not volunteer for Africa, with the other culprit.

"No, sir," replied the man; "I've been a long time in the regiment, and I'll not give it up for three hundred lashes; not that I care about going to Africa. I deserve my punishment, and I'll bear it; but I'll not quit the regiment yet, colonel."

This sentiment, uttered in a subdued but manly manner, was applauded by a smile of satisfaction from both officers and men; but most of all by the old colonel, who took great pains to show the contrary. His eyes, although shaded by a frown, beamed with pleasure. He bit his nether lip; he shook his head—but all would not do; he could not look displeased, if he had pressed his brows down to the bridge of his nose; for he felt flattered that the prisoner openly preferred a flogging to quitting him and his regiment.

The man now presented his hands to be tied up to the top of the triangle, and his legs below; the cords were passed round them in silence, and all was ready. I saw the colonel at this moment beckon to the surgeon, who approached, and both whispered a moment.

Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, and the sergeant, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance opposite.

The first drummer began, and taking three steps forward, applied the lash to the soldier's back—"one."

Again he struck—"two."

Again, and again, until twenty-five were called by the sergeant. Then came the second drummer, and he performed his twenty-five. Then came the third, who was a stronger and a more heavy striker than his coadjutors in office; this drummer brought the blood out upon the right shoulder-blade, which perceiving, he struck lower on the back; but the

surgeon ordered him to strike again upon the bleeding part: I thought this was cruel; but I learnt after, from the surgeon himself, that it gave much less pain to continue the blows as directed, than to strike upon the untouched skin.

The poor fellow bore without a word his flagellation, holding his head down upon his breast, both his arms being extended, and tied at the wrists above his head. At the first ten or twelve blows he never moved a muscle; but about the twenty-fifth, he clenched his teeth and cringed a little from the lash. During the second twenty-five, the part upon which the cords fell became blue, and appeared thickened, for the whole space of the shoulder-blade and centre of the back; and before the fiftieth blow was struck, we could hear a smothered groan from the poor sufferer, evidently caused by his efforts to stifle the natural exclamations of acute pain. The third striker, as I said, brought the blood; it oozed from the swollen skin, and moistened the cords which opened its way from the veins. The colonel directed a look at the drummer, which augured nothing advantageous to his interest; and on the fifth of his twenty-five, cried out to him, "Halt, sir! you know as much about using the cat as you do of your sticks." Then addressing the adjutant, he said, "Send that fellow away to drill; tell the drum-major to give him two hours *additional* practice with the sticks every day for a week, in order to bring his hand into—a proper movement."

The drummer slunk away at the order of the adjutant, and one of the others took up the cat. The colonel now looked at the surgeon, and I could perceive a slight nod pass, in recognition of something previously arranged between them. This was evidently the case; for the latter instantly went over to the punished man, and having asked him a question or two, proceeded formally to the colonel, and stated something in a low voice: upon which the drummers were ordered to take the man

down. This was accordingly done ; and when about to be removed to the regimental hospital, the colonel addressed him thus : " Your punishment, sir, is at an end ; you may thank the surgeon's opinion for being taken down so soon." (Every one knew this was only a pretext.) " I have only to observe to you, that as you have been always previous to this fault, a good man, I would recommend you to conduct yourself well for the future, and I promise to hold your promotion open to you as before."

The poor fellow replied that he would do so, and burst into tears, which he strove in vain to hide.

Wonder not that the hard cheek of a soldier was thus moistened by a tear ; the heart was within his bosom, and these tears came from it. The lash could not force one from his burning eyelid ; but the word of kindness—the breath of tender feeling from his respected colonel, dissolved the stern soldier to the grateful and contrite penitent.

THE OLD HAT.

I HAD a hat—it was not all a hat—
Part of the brim was gone,—yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered as I passed.
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye,
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still my hat, although so fashionless
In complement extern, had that within
Surpassing show—my head continued warm ;
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said before), of brim.

A change came o'er the colour of my hat.—
That which was black grew brown—and then men stared
With both their eyes (they stared with one before)—
—The wonder now was twofold—and it seemed
Strange that a thing so torn and old should still
Be worn by one who might—but let that pass !
I had my reasons, which might be revealed
But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence.—Time passed on.—
Green Spring, and flowery Summer—Autumn brown,
And frosty Winter came,—and went, and came—
And still, through all the seasons of two years,
In park, in city, yea, at routs and balls,
The hat was worn and borne.—Then folks grew wild
With curiosity,—and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could insconce
His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat—
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other.—There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said—
A time may come when I—away—away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery.—When I will—I will !—
The hat was now—greasy, and old, and torn—
But torn—old—greasy—still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.
Women, and men, and children, scowled on me—
My company was shunned—I was alone !
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.—
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast

I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—
 Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.
 Of those that knew me best, some turned aside,
 And scudded down dark lanes—one man did place
 His finger on his nose's side, and jeered—
 Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright ;
 Yea dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
 Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
 Mistook me for a beggar—and they barked.
 Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs—
 One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat.
 For lo ! at length the circling months went round—
 The period was accomplished—and one day
 This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture,
 (Time had encreased its vileness), was transferred
 To the possession of a wandering son
 Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
 Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze :—
 Once more I went my way—along—along—
 And plucked no wondering gaze—the hand of scorn,
 With its annoying finger—men, and dogs,
 Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlers
 And last, not least of rescued blessings, love—
 Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
 A bran new beaver, of the Andre mould ;
 And then the laugh was mine, for then came out
 The secret of this strangeness—'twas A BET !

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL mother !—tears are streaming

Down thy tender, pallid cheek ;
 I, in gems and roses gleaming,
 On eternal sunshine dreaming,

Scarce this sad farewell may speak !

Farewell mother ! now I leave thee,

And thy love,—*unspeakable*,—
 One to cherish,—who may grieve me ;
 One to trust,—who may deceive me ;

Farewell mother !—fare thee well !

Farewell father !—thou art smiling,

Yet there's sadness on thy brow,—
 A mingled joy and languor,—wiling
 All my heart, from that beguiling

Tenderness, to which I go.—

Farewell father !—thou didst bless me,

Ere my lips thy name could tell ;
 He may wound, who should caress me,
 Who should solace,—may oppress me ;

Father ! guardian !—fare thee well !

Farewell sister !—thou art twining

Round me, in affection deep,
 Gazing on my garb so shining,
 Wishing "*joy*,"—but ne'er divining

Why a blessed *bride* should weep.

Farewell sister !—have we ever

Suffer'd wrath our breasts to swell ?
 E'er gave looks or words that sever
 Those who should be parted, never !

Sister,—dearest ! fare thee well !

Farewell brother !—thou art brushing

Gently off, these tears of mine,
 And the grief that fresh was gushing,
 Thy most holy kiss is hushing ;

Can I e'er meet love like thine ?

Farewell ! brave and gentle brother,

Thou,—more dear than words may tell,—
 Love me yet,—although another
 Claims *Ianthe* !—father !—mother !—

All beloved ones,—fare ye well !

PRAYERS OF SCOTTISH SHEPHERDS.

THERE is, I believe, no class of men professing the Protestant faith, so truly devout as the shepherds of Scotland. They get all the learning that the parish schools afford : are thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures of truth ; deeply read in theological works, and really, I am

sorry to say it, generally much better informed than their masters. Every shepherd is a man of respectability—he must be so, else he must cease to be a shepherd. His master's flock is entirely committed to his care, and if he does not manage it with constant care, caution, and decision, he cannot

be employed. A part of the stock is his own, however, so that his interest in it is the same with that of his master; and being thus the most independent of men, if he cherishes a good behaviour, and the most insignificant if he loses the esteem of his employers, he has every motive for maintaining an unimpeachable character.

It is almost impossible, also, that he can be other than a religious character, being so much conversant with the Almighty in his works, in all the goings-on of nature, and the control of the otherwise resistless elements. He feels himself a dependent being, morning and evening, on the great Ruler of the universe; he holds converse with him in the cloud and the storm—on the misty mountain and the darksome waste—in the whirling drift and the overwhelming thaw—and even in voices and sounds that are only heard by the howling cliff or solitary dell. How can such a man fail to be impressed with the presence of an eternal God, of an omniscient eye, and an almighty arm?

The position generally holds good; for, as I have said, the shepherds are a religious and devout set of men, and among them the antiquated but delightful exercise of family worship is never neglected. It is always gone about with decency and decorum, but formality being a thing despised, there is no composition that I ever heard so truly original as these prayers occasionally are; sometimes for rude eloquence and pathos, at other times for a nondescript sort of pomp, and not unfrequently for a plain and somewhat unbecoming familiarity.

One of the most notable men for this sort of family eloquence was Adam Scott, in Upper Dalglish. I had an uncle who herded with him, and from him I had many quotations from Adam Scott's prayers:—a few of them are as follow.

"We particularly thank thee for thy great goodness to Meg, and that ever it came into your head to take any thought of sic an useless baw-

waw as her." (This was a little girl that had been somewhat miraculously saved from drowning.) "For thy mercy's sake—for the sake of thy poor sinfu' servants that are now addressing thee in their ain shilly-shally way, and for the sake o' mair than we dare weel name to thee, hae mercy on Rob. Ye ken yoursell he is a wild and mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish; but put thy hook in his nose, and thy bridle in his gab, and gar him come back to thee wi' a jerk that he'll no forget the langest day he has to leeve."

"Dinna forget poor Jamie, wha's far away frae amang us the night. Keep thy arm o' power about him, an' O, I wish ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and smeddum to act for himsell. For if ye dinna, he'll be but a bauchie in this world, and a back-sitter in the neist."

"We desire to be submissive to thy will and pleasure at a' times, but our desires are like new-bridled colts, or dogs that are first laid to the brae; they run wild frae under our control. Thou hast added one to our family—so has been thy will, but it would never hae been mine—if it's of thee, do thou bless and prosper the connexion: but if the fool hath done it out of carnal desire, against all reason and credit, may the cauld rainy cloud of adversity settle on his habitation, till he shiver in the flame that his folly hath kindled." (I think this was said to be in allusion to the marriage of one of his sons.)

"We're a' like hawks, we're a' like snails, we're a' like slogie riddles;—like hawks to do evil, like snails to do good, and like slogie riddles, that let through a' the good, and keep the bad."

"Bring down the tyrant and his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill the year, and gie him a cup o' thy wrath, and gin he winna tak that, gie him kelty."

Kelty signifies double, or two cups. This was an occasional petition for one season only, and my uncle never

could comprehend what it meant.—The general character of Scott was one of decision and activity; constant in the duties of religion, but not over strict with regard to some of its moral precepts.

I have heard the following petitions sundry times in the family prayers of an old relation of my own, long since gone to his rest.

"And moreover and aboon, do thou bless us a' wi' thy best warldly blessings—wi' bread for the belly an' theeking for the back, a lang stride an' a clear ee-sight. Keep us from a' proud prassing and upsetting—from foul flairs, and stray steps, and from ali unnecessary trouble."

But, in generalities, these prayers are never half so original as when they come to particular incidents that affect only the petitioners: for there are some things happening to them daily, which they deem it their bounden duty to remember before their Maker, either by way of petition, confession, or thanksgiving. The following was told to me as a part of the same worthy old man's prayer occasionally, for some weeks before he left a master, in whose father's service and his own the decayed shepherd had spent the whole of his life.

"Bless my master and his family with thy best blessings in Christ Jesus. Prosper all his worldly concerns, especially that valuable part which is committed to my care. I have worn out my life in the service of him and his fathers, and thou knowest that I have never bowed a knee before thee without remembering them. Thou knowest, also, that I have never studied night's rest, nor day's comfort, when put in competition with their interest. The foulest days and the stormiest nights were to me as the brightest of summer; and if he has done weel in casting out his auld servant, do thou forgive him. I forgive him with all my heart, and will never cease to pray for him; but when the hard storms o' winter come, may he miss the braid bonnet and the gray head, and say to himself, 'I

wish to God that my auld herd had been here yet.' I ken o' neither house nor habitation this night, but for the sake o' them amang us that canna do for themselves, I ken thou wilt provide ane; for though thou hast tried me with hard and sair adversities, I have had more than my share of thy mercies, and thou ken'st better than I can tell thee that thou hast never bestowed them on an unthankful heart."

This is the sentence, exactly as it was related to me, but I am sure it is not correct; for, though very like his manner, I never heard him come so near the English language in one sentence in my life. I once heard him say, in allusion to a chapter he had been reading about David and Goliath, and just at the close of his prayer: "And when our besetting sins come bragging and blowstering upon us, like Gully o' Gath, O enable us to fling off the airmer and hair-nishin' o' the law, whilk we haena proved, an' whup up the simple sling o' the gospel, and nail the smooth stanes o' redeeming grace into their foreheads."

Of all the compositions, for simple pathos, that I ever saw or heard, his prayer, on the evening of that day on which he buried his only son, excelled; but at this distance of time, it is impossible for me to do it justice; and hoping that it is recorded in heaven, I dare not take it on me to garble it. He began the subject of his sorrows thus:—

"Thou hast seen meet, in thy wise providence, to remove the staff out of my right hand, at the very time when, to us poor sand-blind mortals, it appeared that I stood maist in need o't. But O it was a sicker ane, an' a sure ane, an' a dear ane to my heart! an' how I'll climb the steep hill o' auld age an' sorrow without it, thou may'st ken, but I dinna."

His singing of the psalms beat all exhibitions that ever were witnessed of a sacred nature. He had not the least air of sacred music; there was no attempt at it; it was a sort of re-

citative of the most grotesque kind; and yet he delighted in it, and sung far more verses every night than is customary. The first time I heard him I was very young; but I could not stand it, but leaned myself back into a bed, and laughed till the sweat ran off me in streams. He had likewise an out-of-the-way custom, in reading a portion of Scripture every night, of always making remarks as he went on. And such remarks! There was one evening I heard him reading a chapter—I have forgot where it was—but he came to words like these: "And other nations, whom the great and noble Asnapper brought over"—John stopped short, and, considering for a little, says: "Asnapper! whaten a king was he that? I dinna mind o' ever hearing tell o' him afore."

"I dinna ken," said one of the girls; "but he has a queer name."—"It is something like a gootly knife," said a younger one. "Whisht, dame," said John, and then went on with the chapter. I believe it was about the fourth or fifth chapter of Ezra. He seldom missed a few observations of this sort for a single night.

There was another night, not long after the time above noticed, that he was reading of the seats of one Sannallat, who set himself against the building of the second Temple. On closing the Bible John uttered a long hemh! and then I knew there was something forthcoming. "He has been another nor a gude ane that," added he; "I hae nae brow o' their Sandy-ballat."

There was another time that he stopped in the middle of a chapter and uttered his "hemh!" of disapproval, and then added, "If it had been the Lord's will, I think they might hae left out that verse."—"It hasna been his will, though," said one of the girls.—"It seems sae," said John. I have entirely forgot what he was reading about, and am often vexed at having forgot the verse that John wanted expunged from the Bible. It was in some of the minor prophets.

There was another time he came to his brother-in-law's house, where I was then living, and John being the oldest man, the Bible was laid down before him to make family worship. He made no objections, but began, as was always his custom, by asking a blessing on their devotions; and when he had done, it being customary for those who make family worship to sing straight through the Psalms from beginning to end, John says, "We'll sing in your ordinary. Where is it?"—"We do not always sing in one place," said the gudeman of the house. "Na, I daresay no, or else ye'll make that place threadbare," said John, in a short crabbed style, manifestly suspecting that his friend was not regular in his family devotions. This piece of sharp wit after the worship was begun had to me an effect highly ludicrous.

When he came to give out the chapter, he remarked, that there would be no ordinary there either, he supposed. "We have been reading in Job for a long time," said the gudeman. "How long?" said John slyly, as he turned over the leaves, thinking to catch his friend at fault. "O, I dinna ken that," said the other; "but there's a mark laid in that will tell you the bit."—"If you hae read *vera* long in Job," says John, "you will hae made him threadbare too, for the mark is only at the ninth chapter." There was no answer, so he read on. In the course of the chapter he came to these words—"Who commandeth the sun, and it riseth not."—"I never heard of Him doing that," says John. "But Job, honest man, maybe means the darkness that was in the land o' Egypt. It wad be a fearsome thing an' the sun warena till rise."

A little farther on he came to these words—"Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south." "I hae often wondered at that verse," says John. "Job has been a grand philosopher! The Pleiades are the se'en sterns,—I ken them; and Ori-

on, that's the King's Ellwand; but I'm never sae sure about Arcturus. I fancy he's ane o' the plennits, or maybe him that hauds the gouden plough."

On reading the last chapter of the book of Job, when he came to the enumeration of the patriarch's live stock, he remarked, "He has had an unco sight o' creatures. Fourteen thousand sheep! How mony was that?"—"He has had seven hunder scores," says one. "Ay," said John, "it was an unco swarm o' creatures. There wad be a dreadfu' confusion at his clippings and spainings. Six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. What, in the wide world, did he do wi' a' thae creatures? Wad it no hae been mair purpose-like if he had had them a' milk kie?"—"Wha wad he hae gotten to have milked them?" said one of the girls. "It's vera true," said John.

One time, during a long and severe lying storm of snow, in allusion to some chapter he had been reading, he prayed as follows: (This is from hearsay.) "Is the whiteness of desolation to lie still on the mountains of our land for ever? Is the earthly hope o' thy servants to perish frae the face of the earth? The flocks on a thousand hills are thine, and their lives or deaths wad be naething to thee—thou wad neither be the richer nor the poorer; but it is a great matter to us. Have pity, then, on the lives o' thy creatures, for beast an' body are a' thy handywark, and send us the little wee cludd out o' the sea like a man's hand, to spread and darken, and pour and splash, till the green gladsome face o' nature aince mair appear."

During the smearing season one year, it was agreed that each shep-

herd, young and old, should ask a blessing and return thanks at meal-time, in his turn, beginning at the eldest, and going off at the youngest; that, as there was no respect of persons with God, so there should be none shown among neighbours. John being the eldest, the graces began with him, and went decently on till they came to the youngest, who obstinately refused. Of course it devolved again on John, who, taking off his broad bonnet, thus addressed his Maker with great fervency:—

"O our gracious Lord and Redeemer, thou hast said in thy blessed word, that those who are ashamed of thee and thy service, of them thou wilt be ashamed when thou comest into thy kingdom. Now, all we humbly beg of thee at this time is, that Geordie may not be reckoned among that unhappy number. Open the poor chield's heart an' his een to a sight o' his lost condition; an' though he be that proud that he'll no ask a blessing o' thee, neither for himsell nor us, do thou grant us a' thy blessing ne'ertheless, an' him among the rest, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The young man felt the rebuke very severely, his face grew as red as flame, and it was several days before he could assume his usual hilarity. Had I lived with John a few years, I could have picked up his remarks on the greater part of the Scriptures, for to read and not make remarks was out of his power. The story of Ruth was a great favourite with him—he often read it to his family of a Sabbath evening, as "a good lesson on naturality;" but he never failed making the remark, that "it was nae mair nor decency in her to creep in beside the douss man i' the night-time when he was sleeping."

VARIETIES.

A DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE day after the battle, I, in company with another, rode out to view the ground where the armies had so recently contended. It was strewn with dead and wounded, accoutrements and arms; a great part of the latter broken. At those points where obstinate fighting took place, the ground was covered with bodies; a great number of wounded, both French, English, and Portuguese, lay along the road, groaning and craving water. The village of *Gamarra Mayor* was shattered with heavy shot, and the bridge covered with dead, as well as its arches choked up with bodies and accoutrements. We returned by the main road, to where the centre of the army was engaged. Here were the French huts, and their broken provisions, half cooked, lying about; this was a level interspersed with little hillocks and brushwood: we were then surrounded with dead and wounded; several cars were employed in collecting the latter. A few straggling peasants could be seen at a distance, watching an opportunity for plunder—there was a dreadful silence over the scene. A poor Irishwoman ran up to one of the surgeons near us, and with tears in her eyes, asked where was the hospital of the eighty-second regiment—I think it was the eighty-second—she wrung her hands, and said that the men told her she would find her husband wounded; and she had travelled back for the purpose. The surgeon told her that the only hospital on the field was in a cottage, to which he pointed; but informed her, that all the wounded would be conveyed to Vittoria. The half frantic woman proceeded towards the cottage, over the bodies which lay in her way, and had not gone more than about fifty yards when she fell on her face, and uttered the most bitter cries. We hastened to her—

she was embracing the body of a serjeant, a fine tall fellow who lay on his face. "Oh! it's my husband—it's my husband!" said she; "and he is dead and cold." One of the men turned the body on his face; the serjeant had been shot in the neck, and his ankle was shattered. The lamentations of the woman were of the most heart-rending kind, but not loud. She continued to sit by her lifeless husband, gazing on his pale countenance, and moving her head and body to and fro, in the most bitter agony of woe:—she talked to the dead in the most affectionate language—of her orphans—of her home—and of their former happiness. After a considerable time, by persuasion, we got her upon one of the cars with the wounded, and placed the body of her husband beside her; this we did because she expressed a wish to have it buried by a clergyman. She thanked us more by looks than words, and the melancholy load proceeded slowly to Vittoria.

In our way back to the town, my companion's attention was attracted by a dead Portuguese; he raised up the body, and asked me to look through it—I *did* absolutely look through it. A cannon-ball had passed into the breast and out at the back—and so rapid must have been its transit, from its forming such a clear aperture—in circumference about twelve inches—that the man must have been close to the cannon's mouth when he was shot—it spoke volumes for the courage of the troops.

The hospital at Vittoria that evening presented a sad spectacle; not only was part of it filled with wounded, but the streets all round it—about two thousand men, including those of the French with those of the Allies. Owing to the rapid, and perhaps unexpected advance of the army, there were only three surgeons to attend this vast number of wound-

ed, for the first two days after the battle; and, from the same reason, no provisions were to be had for them for a week! The commissariat had not provided for the exigency, and the small portion of bread that could be purchased was sold for three shillings per pound. From these casualties, I have often thought since, that in cases of expected general actions, if one half of both medical and commissariat staff were under orders to remain on the field until relieved, instead of following their respective divisions, it would obviate such privations. However, there is every excuse in this case, considering the unexpected rapidity of the advance. No fault whatever can be laid to either of the departments in this instance: it was wholly owing to advancing to such distance beyond Vittoria, as required too long a time to retrace.

In going through the hospital, I saw in one room not less than thirty hussars—of the 10th and 15th, I think—all wounded by lances; and one of them had nineteen wounds in his body: the surgeon had already amputated his left arm. One of the men described the way in which so many of their brigade became wounded. He said, that in charging the rear of the enemy as they were retreating, the horses had to leap up a bank, nearly breast high, to make good the level above. At this moment a body of Polish lancers, headed by a general, dashed in upon them, the general crying out, in broken English, "*Come on! I care not for your fine hussar brigade.*" They fought for a considerable time, and although ultimately the lancers retired and left the ground to the hussars, yet the latter lost many killed and wounded. "That man," said the hussar, "who lies there with the loss of his arm and so dreadfully wounded, fought a dozen lancers, all at him at once, and settled some of them; at last he fell, and the lancers were about to kill him, when the general cried out to take him to the rear, for he was a brave fellow. The

skirmish continued, and the general cut that man there across the nose, in fighting singly with him—but he killed the general after all."

I turned and saw a young hussar, with a gash across his nose, and he confirmed what his comrade said. The man who had the nineteen wounds, I have since heard, recovered: he seemed much to regret the fate of the general who saved his life. I saw this brave officer's body buried the next day in the principal church of Vittoria.

In passing through another part of the hospital, I perceived a Portuguese female lying on the ground upon straw, in the midst of numbers of wounded men. I inquired of her, was she wounded. She pointed to her breast, and showed me where the bullet had passed. I asked her how she received this shot, and was horror-struck when the dying woman informed me that it was her *marido*,—her own husband,—who shot her, just as the action was commencing—she said he deliberately put the muzzle of his gun to her breast and fired! This may be false; I hope it is, for the sake of humanity:—it might be that the woman was plundering the dead; and perhaps killing the wounded, when some of the latter shot her. However, be the fact as it may, it was thus she told her story. She was in great pain, and I should think did not live much longer.—*Military Sketch Book.*

GANGANELLI'S CORRESPONDENCE.

A singular work has just made its appearance in France: it is the correspondence, which has been only recently found, between two persons each of whom obtained a great, but very different celebrity. The facts are these: in 1720, in a seminary at Rimini, there were two children who contracted for each other a very strong friendship; one was the son of a labourer in the neighbourhood of *Santo Angelo-in-Vado*; the other was the only son of an officer of fortune in the service of the King of Sardinia. These two engaged, that

whatever might be their lot in the world, they would never allow more than two years to pass without writing or seeing each other: this promise was religiously observed. One of the children, Laurent Ganganelli, became professor of philosophy at Orsaro, entered into the order of St. Francis, held some high situation under the inquisition, was then made cardinal, and lastly pope, under the title of Clement XIV. The other child, Carlo Martinazzi, went into France after his father's death, and better known under the name of Carlin, became one of the best harlequins of the Italian comedy. These are the two persons whose correspondence is now published. It may be added, that it was this very Clement XIV., predecessor of Pius VI., who in 1773, and at the request of all the European princes of the house of Bourbon, pronounced the abolition of the Society of Jesuits, which the present Royal Family of France are labouring so hard to re-establish.

INTELLIGENCE IN A WASP.

Dr. Darwin in his *Zoonomia*, relates an anecdote of apparent ratiocination in a wasp, which had caught a fly nearly as large as itself. Kneeling down, the doctor saw the wasp dis sever the head and tail from the trunk of the fly, and attempt to soar with the latter; but finding, when about two feet from the ground, that the wings of the fly carried too much sail, and caused its prize and itself to be whirled about, by a little breeze that had arisen, it dropped upon the ground with its prey, and deliberately sawed off with its manibles, first one wing and then the other: having thus removed these impediments to its progress, the wasp flew away with its booty, and experienced no further molestation from the wind.

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Tamehameha was the greatest reformer of the islands. To check the power of the priests, he himself assumed the office, and contemplated

the adoption of Christianity, but died before his purpose was ripe. One of the first acts of his successor, was to renounce idolatry, and the idols were all quickly consigned to the flames; Taboo was broken up; and the interdictions, which forbade women to eat with men, removed. The women as usual, were most forward and zealous in the work of conversion. The act of Kapiolani is of a high character, and worth recording.

Kapiolani, a female chief, of the highest rank, in Oahu, had recently embraced Christianity; and, desirous of propagating it, and of undeceiving the natives as to their false gods, she resolved to climb the mountain (a volcanic mountain, with a burning crater of prodigious extent) descend into the crater, and by thus braving the volcanic deities in their very homes (the prevailing belief was, that the gods of the islands resided in these fires) convince the inhabitants of the islands that God is God alone, and that the false subordinate deities existed only in the fancies of their weak adorers. Thus determined, and accompanied by a missionary, she, with part of her family and a number of followers, ascended Peli (the mountain); at the edge of the first precipice that bounds the sunken plain, many of her followers and companions lost courage, and turned back; at the second, the rest earnestly entreated her to desist from her dangerous enterprise, and forbear to tempt the powerful gods of the fires. But she proceeded, and on the very verge of the crater, caused the hut we were now sheltered in to be constructed for herself and people. Here she was assailed anew by their entreaties to return home, and their assurance, that if she persisted in violating the houses of the goddess, she would draw down on herself and those with her certain destruction! "I will descend into the crater," said she, "and if I do not return safe, then continue to worship Peli; but if I come back unhurt, you must learn to adore the God who created Peli." She accordingly went

down the steep and difficult side of the crater, accompanied by a missionary, and by some, whom love or duty induced to follow her. Arrived at the bottom, she pushed a stick into the liquid lava, and stirred the ashes of the burning lake. The charm of superstition was at that moment broken. Those, who had expected to see the goddess, armed with flame and sulphurous smoke, burst forth and destroy the daring heroine, who thus braved her in her very sanctuary, were awe struck when they saw the fire remain innocuous, and the flames roll harmless, as though none were present. They acknowledged the greatness of the God of Kapiolani; and from that time few indeed have been the offerings, and little the reverence, offered to the fires of Peli.

EXTRAORDINARY CALCULUS.

An enormous calculus, weighing 22 lbs. 12oz. and measuring thirty-one inches in circumference, extracted from the intestines of a horse, the property of Martin Fountain, Esq. of Norwich, has been deposited in the Norwich and Norfolk Museum, amongst a numerous collection of other interesting specimens in Natural History, which that institution contains.

A JUDICIOUS LEGACY.

The following is a copy of a notice which is read in the parish churches of St. Mary and All Saints, Newmarket, every year during divine service, two Sundays preceding Easter Sunday, and on that day :—

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Will of John Peram, late of Turnford, in the parish of Cheshunt, in the county of Hertford, gentleman, deceased, a marriage portion of twenty-one pounds will be given to a young man (a parishioner of Newmarket) who shall marry a woman (also a parishioner of Newmarket,) on Thursday in the ensuing Easter week. Neither of whom must be under twenty-five years of age; nor be worth twenty pounds. The portion to be claimed

at the vestry-room of Newmarket, St. Mary, on Monday, after Easter, at twelve o'clock, when the person claiming it must be prepared to prove himself entitled to it. And in case there be more than one claimant, it is to be decided by ballot to which of them the portion shall be given.

The parties claiming the marriage portion, after producing certificates of their baptism and marriage, and satisfactory proof of their settlement in either parish, make oath that they are not worth twenty pounds.

There is an investment in the three per cent. Consols, in the names of trustees, for the purpose of supplying the marriage portion, which has for the last eight years amounted to thirty pounds and upwards, clear of all expenses.

A MAN TRAP.

A hatter in Ingram-street, Glasgow, having suffered severely by numerous hats being stolen from his shop, resolved on preventing the evil in future, by an experiment, which his wit, sharpened by many losses suggested. He placed the skeleton of a hat, wrapped up in paper in the usual form, on a shelf, and in it he put the door-weight, leaving the door by that means half open. He also placed in such a situation behind the door, his two iron window bars, that when the former shut, down they would fall across it, preventing an easy egress. The thief soon made his appearance, and snatched up the very hat that was prepared for him, when the door closed with violence, and the bars fell, causing a tremendous disturbance. The hatter, who was below at his work, well knew what was passing up stairs, and hastened to secure his prisoner, whom he found half dead with fear, and crying like a rat in a trap. He was an old offender.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.—*Pope.*